

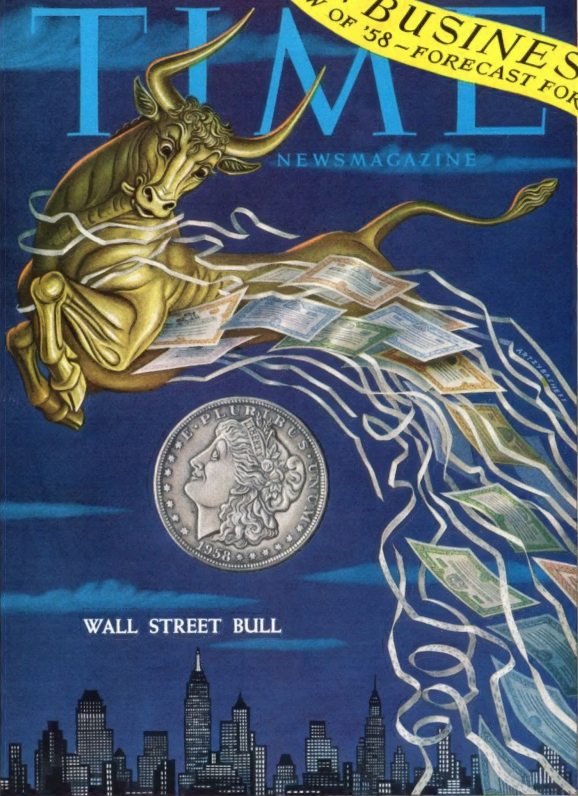
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 29, 1958

U.S. BUSINESS
REVIEW OF '58 - FORECAST FOR '59

TIME

NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXII NO. 26



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TIME, DECEMBER 29, 1958

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: He is undoubtedly Nelson Rockefeller—and about the only reason TIME might not put him on its Jan. 5, 1959 cover is the fact that he'll probably be elected President in 1960, and you'll have to repeat.

WARREN W. ANDREWS
Dearborn, Mich.

Sir: Pianist Van Cliburn: he accomplished more than a corps of diplomats in finding at least one common ground on which it is possible to talk to the Russians.

NORMAN B. HOWARD

Hamilton, Ohio

Sir: Mao Tse-tung: his introduction of the "commune" marks the biggest backward step in progress since the invention of slavery.

LYON STEINE

Valley Stream, N.Y.

Sir: WILLIAM A. EGAN—THE 49TH STATE'S FIRST ELECTED GOVERNOR.

GORDON J. SEVERSON
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

Sir: The forgotten child of Little Rock and Virginia who is not receiving an education.

RICHARD H. GOODMAN

Brooklyn

Sir: Charles de Gaulle. He is the man.

NURMAN SAHLI

Solo, Indonesia

Sir: For his behind-the-scenes activity in restoring the integrity of France, I nominate Jacques Soustelle.

LEE FELDMAN

Champaign, Ill.

Sir: Nasser—for his unique and outstanding role in undermining Western democracy.

G. M. KERR

Dallas

Sir: I recommend Vice President Richard M. Nixon because he risked his life fighting Communism abroad, and is risking his political future fighting Communists and their fellow travelers here.

ARTHUR E. WYNN

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, Canada and Yukon, 1 year, \$7.00. Europe, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Guam and Japan, 1 year, \$10.00; all other countries, 1 year, \$12.50.

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Sir: I'm amazed no one has nominated Sherman Adams as 1958's most maligned man.

L. A. TAYLOR JR.

Patuxent River, Md.

Sir: Choose Fidel Castro—the Simón Bolívar of the 20th century.

JOHN BERENGUER

Wilmington, Del.

Sir: The inventor of the hula hoop.

VICTOR A. SCHMIDT

Minneapolis

Sir: Dr. Werner von Braun—his accomplishments are out of this world.

HOWARD L. ISENBERG

Chicago

Cutting Down the Xmas Tree

Sir: It was with considerable disappointment that we read your attack upon an established industry ("That Xmas Loot—Santa Brings More Headaches Than Cheer"). What a man does in his business is actually his own business, but when he tells a thousand of his suppliers that his people may not accept Christmas gifts, then he is using the boycott.

RALPH B. THOMAS

Advertising Specialty
National Association
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Our company had considered Christmas gifts this year for 500 accounts. Among the prospective gift selections was a subscription to TIME; however, we were jolted to a stop by your article.

W. E. COFFMAN

The Novelty Advertising Co.
Coshocton, Ohio

Marie Stopes

Sir: I was most surprised to see the claim in your obituary of my mother, Dr. Marie Stopes, that she was a Roman Catholic at the time of her first marriage. This is quite untrue, for she of course was never a Roman Catholic at any time in her life.

(DR.) HARRY STOPES-ROE

Haslingfield, England

Q TIME erred.—ED.

A Modernized Christ

Sir: If young artists are to follow the advice of Father Edward M. Catich in giving "Christ a shave and a haircut," and "defeminize Christ, return his trousers, restore his masculinity" (Nov. 24), it follows that we should also put Christ in a Chrysler ("God is my Auto-Pilot"). Also, since Christ was a carpenter, we could put him in good standing with the A.F. of L. and C.I.O.

W. DESJARDIN

Salem, Mass

Sir: I just cannot visualize Christ with a Hombrug wearing a Brooks Brothers suit.

GEORGE A. GOFF

Jacksonville

Q For Painter Alice Stallknecht's conception of a modern Christ, see cut.—ED.



Below the Border

Sir: In the almost ten years that I have known Mexico your Dec. 8 cover story is one of the few that I have read in a U.S. publication that shows an intelligent understanding of what is going on down here.

W. C. GREB

Mexico City

Sir: Your comprehensive and accurate view of Mexico today is tarnished by your cover painting splash of President López Mateos.

A. S. HEDIGER

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir: Tamayo an artist? No wonder they won't have him in Mexico.

STEVE HANSEN

Onalaska, Wash.

Sir: I have been very appreciative of your covers by some of the world's best artists. Ben Shahn's have been delightful and penetrating, and now we even have Rufino Tamayo! Thank you.

MRS. B. KLAUSSEN

Lewiston, N.Y.




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Senses flame, gases, smoke

This photocell is a major breakthrough in basic research by Honeywell. It is supersensitive to ultraviolet rays only, can positively distinguish between flame and any hot surface. And it is the first device that can detect fire, smoke and combustible vapors. It makes possible fire- and explosion-warning systems more accurate and versatile than any now available, with applications ranging from detecting explosive gases in coal mines to sensing flame-outs in jet aircraft. For a list of 51 industrial applications, write Honeywell.

Honeywell

Minneapolis 8, Minnesota



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powerful than any other light twin!

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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JUNE 14, 1948



JANUARY 10, 1955



MARCH 24, 1958



DECEMBER 29, 1958

ONE of the annual features of TIME's news cover-
age is the Year-End Review, in which the editors
scan the U.S. economy for the year just past, and
present a forecast for the year ahead. Over the last
decade nothing has loomed larger in the financial
news than Wall Street's bull, long a symbol of a
rising stock market. But to TIME's editors the bull
does not mean Wall Street alone. He is also a symbol
of the power of the U.S. economy. In the past ten
years TIME's readers have seen five bulls on the
cover—three with midyear stories on the state of
business, and two with the Year-End Review.

TIME's first bull in June 1948 was a shaky, knobby-
kneed calf, not quite sure where he was going. The
market stood at only 191.05 on the Dow-Jones in-
dustrial average, and many an economist—with
Russia's Kremlin—loudly predicted that the U.S.
faced an "inevitable" postwar depression. The bull
did go off his feed a bit in 1949, but it was only a
mild case of colic. He kept growing and growing,
appeared on the cover again in June 1950, as U.S.
business kept on expanding to meet the needs of an
exploding population.

In the first week of 1955 the bull, full of power
and bounce, symbolized the growth of business in
1954. The economy had a muscular new look; Wall
Street had turned from a speculator's hunting ground
into a long-term investor's market; the new "people's
capitalism" was building a new economic base.

This year TIME had two cover stories about the
bull, both written by Associate Editor George Dan-
iels, who has also turned out the Year-End Review
every year since 1955. In March the bull was on one
knee, and the bears all said that the bull was falling
down. But the bull himself said no. He had stub-
bled, but now he was actually getting to his feet
again. April was the bottom of the recession, and
the recovery has been strong ever since.

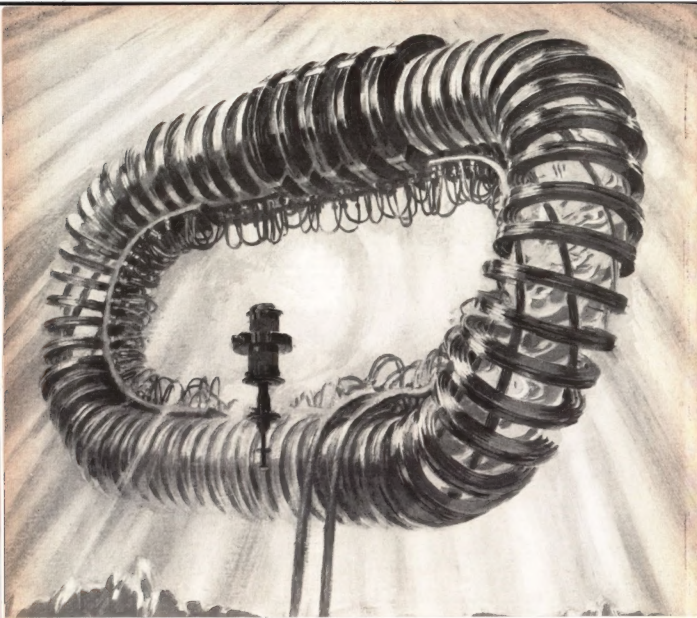
On the cover this week is the fifth bull. (The first
four were drawn by Artist Boris Chaliapin; this
week's is the work of Boris Artzybasheff.) The theme
of this Year-End Review is that the U.S. now has
a new kind of stock market and a new kind of
economy, to which many of the classical rules of
economics no longer apply.

Businessmen, consumers and the Government are
all formulating new rules, and the recession was the
test of how well they worked. The new economy
(see BUSINESS in 1958) is as different from the old
as the soaring bull is from the howling calf.

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RCA electronics helps nuclear science harness the energy that lights the sun

Inside Princeton University's James Forrestal Research Center, scientists are seeking to create energy as the sun and stars do—by *nuclear fusion*. Success would mean inexhaustible power for the peaceful needs of mankind. For example, one cubic mile of sea water contains enough fusion fuel to meet the present U.S. power needs for 15,000 years!

To advance the quest for fusion power, a major research facility is now being built in Princeton. It will include the C Stellarator, a machine which will

attempt to produce the environment needed for fusion to occur. That means an initial super-high vacuum and temperatures up to 100 million degrees. How do you create and control such conditions? With *electronics*.

That is the reason RCA and Allis-Chalmers were chosen by Princeton University and the AEC to build the C

Stellarator and all related equipment. Allis-Chalmers will provide the heavy electrical components. RCA will provide the electronic system to create the heat and control the Stellarator.

RCA welcomes this opportunity to help bring the age of peaceful nuclear power a little closer . . . through leadership in electronics.



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THE NATION

Symbol of Hopes

Out of a commendable and well-kept secrecy, the U.S. fired—and guided—an 85-ft., 8,600-lb. Atlas intercontinental missile into orbit. Admittedly, the shot of the heavy bird, with its voice-receiving and transmitting equipment, was a calculated counter-symbol to the Russian Sputniks (see SPACE). But in the sweep of time it symbolized far more: the U.S. march into space, programed long before Sputnik stirred up the free world's self-doubters, was headed into a period of historic achievements that had important meanings both in space and on earth.

In the 14 months since Sputnik I, Russia's Khrushchev had repeatedly rattled his rockets in an attempt to neutralize and intimidate Western nations. A series of successful U.S. missile shots was a comforting background in Paris last week, as the NATO Council of Foreign Ministers rejected the Kremlin's plan to make West Berlin a demilitarized "free city." The NATO ministers gave short shrift to neutralist disengagement schemes, held fast to the basic point that Germany must be reunited by free elections, with free choice on whether or not to join NATO. Said NATO's commanding general in Europe, Lauris Norstad: "There must be absolutely no misunderstanding about the determination of this alliance to use nuclear

weapons in case of aggression." Meanwhile, world Communism, by contrast, frustrated in Lebanon, Quemoy and now Berlin, was once more under heavy domestic pressure both in Russia and China (see FOREIGN NEWS).

As the U.S.'s Atlas spun through space, symbolizing U.S. successes, it also symbolized what the U.S. hoped to make of them. "This is the President of the U.S. speaking," said a message taped at the White House and rebroadcast from Atlas. "Through the marvels of scientific advance my voice is coming to you from a satellite circling in outer space. My message is a simple one. Through this unique means I convey to you and to all mankind America's wish for peace on earth and good will toward men everywhere."

SPACE

SCORE

The red-coated Marine Band had just broken into the march strains of *The Bay State Commandery*, and President Eisenhower's 78 diplomatic guests were preparing to flow into the State Dining Room. Ike, in white tie, whispered to his naval aide to order the music stopped, stepped into the center of the East Room. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, his face creased in smiles. "I have something interesting to announce. I have just been advised that a satellite is in orbit and that its weight is nearly 9,000 pounds." The crowd broke into applause. Even Communist Poland's ambassador, Romuald Spasowski, said, "Terrific. I am myself a physicist, and to put such a big load so high is a great achievement." Said Denmark's new ambassador, Count Gustav Knuth-Winterfeldt: "It was the best Christmas present we could have got."

The news quickly flashed across the world: the Air Force's 85-ft., 8,600-lb. ICBM Atlas had been fired, not in a trajectory whose end was a watery South Atlantic target but into the skies. Its tape recording of President Eisenhower's greetings heralded the beginning of worldwide communications through outer space. Earlier U.S. satellites were fired in stages, dropped sections after burnout, and finally flung small instrumented payloads into orbit around the earth. But somehow there was greater impact in the fact that the body of the Atlas went up in one piece, was circling the globe as the U.S.'s



Associated Press
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER LISTENING
 The first voice from outer space.

biggest satellite, its weight easily comparable to the heaviest the Russians have put up so far (see SCIENCE). Moreover, the Atlas needed no extra rocket stages to help it change course and move into orbit (as other satellites do); the course was directed from the ground. Said one Atlas man happily: "We steered it into orbit."

The Club. The project, called SCORE (for Signal Communications by Orbiting Relay Equipment), was begun last June in Convair's beige-carpeted board room in San Diego. Gathered there were Convair officials and the Pentagon's Roy Johnson, chief of the new Advanced Research Projects Agency. Subject of the discussion: Sputnik III. Said Johnson: "We've got to get something big up." Replied J. Raymond Dempsey, manager of Convair's Astronautics Division (since named a vice president): "Well, we could put the whole Atlas in orbit."

That was it. Johnson left Convair experts to work out the details, returned to Washington to push the program through. The decision was made to keep the project secret, and secret it was: no more than 88 people ever knew of it. One day early last week, a few Army Signal Corps technicians showed up discreetly in the President's office, recorded the satellite mes-



© The Washington Post Co.
"OURS TALKS"

sage that Ike himself had written, tucked it away till it was needed at Cape Canaveral. Even the button pusher who fired the Atlas from the Cape blockhouse did not know that the bird contained the tape recording, or that it had been set to orbit. Most of the others in the launching crew were equally in the dark and equally furious during the first moments of flight, when they noted from instruments that the Atlas was not heading on its customary course down range. When they yelled for the range safety officer to blow it up, he refused. He was a member of the tight little "club" of 88.

Astounding Thing. Day after his dramatic announcement of success, the President hurried to Press Secretary Hagerty's office to listen with newsmen to a playback of his taped message. Ike's amazement was written all over his face as he sat in Hagerty's chair, cocked his ear toward the loudspeaker, heard the eerie sound of his voice coming from 400 miles above the earth. Turning to the reporters, he said: "That's one of the astounding things again in this age of invention. Maybe the next thing they'll do is televise pictures down here."

Neither was the military significance of SCORE lost on the world. For one thing, the firing indicated that a missile, guided into orbit, could also be guided to intercept an enemy satellite or missile. For another, it proved that the Air Force's Ballistic Missile Division, under Major General Bernard Schriever, had been solidly on the right track in missile development. Said Schriever: "Project SCORE shows that we have a booster capable of putting something the size of a capsule and a man into space. We're making the progress that we thought was possible when we started the program on a high-priority basis in 1954. And it shows that the military, scientists and industry can get together and get the job done—and in a hurry."



ARPA's ROY JOHNSON
Getting up something big.

UPI



AIR FORCE THOR-LAUNCHING TEAM (LEFT: CAPTAIN BENNIE CASTILLO)
Turning the key to a bull's-eye.

Associated Press

At week's end, as the Atlas churned through the skies, brighter than most planets, SCORE ground stations as well as amateur radio operators round the world were tuning in to the President's message, triggered by signals from the U.S., then erased, and transmitted anew to the Atlas, and again played back. It would be seen and heard for 20 days or so before burning up in the atmosphere. But that, obviously, was just the beginning.

Historic Week

Other notable events in the U.S.'s historic missile week:

¶ At Vandenberg A.F.B., Calif., new training and operations center for military missile-launching teams (TIME, Dec. 15), Captain Bennie Castillo, 35, of the Strategic Air Command, fired the first Thor ever launched by a military crew. After prolonged preliminaries and one false start, Bennie Castillo turned the key that started the countdown. With cool efficiency, his five-man team rolled back a hangar-like shelter, elevated the bird, force-fed it with liquid oxygen, sent it soaring in 19 min. after the launch command was given (ultimate goal: 15 min.). The shot traveled the predetermined 1,450 miles over the Pacific, was rated a nuclear bull's eye by hitting within five miles of its target. The Vandenberg shot pointed up the fact that both Thor and military launching crews are well on their way to full operational status and readiness to fire within minutes after the word is passed.

¶ At Cape Canaveral, only 4½ hours after the Vandenberg shot at the other edge of the U.S., another Thor leaped from its pad carrying a nuclear warhead (minus fissionable material) and a triggering mechanism in its nose, scored an equally good hit.

¶ At White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico the Army rocketed a Nike-Hercules into the sky to intercept an XQ-5 jet drone target traveling 14 miles up at more than 2,000 m.p.h. The Nike released a spotting charge near the drone that was close enough to be scored as a kill.

¶ At Kingston, N.Y., demonstrators pressed a button on an enormous IBM-built SAGE computer, launched an air-breathing Air Force Bomarc missile from a pad at Cape Canaveral. Guided by a B-17 drone over the Atlantic, found it, then attacked a second drone target, miles away, finally was allowed to drop harmlessly into the sea.

¶ At Cape Canaveral the Air Force successfully test fired part of a new air-to-ground weapons system called the Bold Orion. Slated for the Strategic Air Command, the revolutionary nuclear-tipped missile will prolong the useful life of SAC bombers by enabling them to fire at targets 1,000 miles distant—from points outside an enemy's radar screen. Last week's shot, fired by a supersonic B-58 Hustler (whose sonic boom startled beach residents) was a one-stage version of the new weapon. The two-stage version, fired for the first time a few days earlier, was launched from a B-47 at a target 700 miles away. The Bold Orion is 25 ft. long, 6 ft. in diameter. Upon launching, a long lanyard from the plane to the rocket jerks free, firing the first stage directly ahead. After first-stage burnout and separation the second-stage fires, guided by a new type of system devised by Martin Co., then arcs upward at a 45° angle. Before reaching the top of its arc, it releases the nose-cone, which follows a ballistic curve to the target over the horizon.

After making successful static tests, Cape Canaveral's Air Force missileers scheduled the first launching (limited range) of the U.S.'s newest "second generation" ICBM, the two-stage, 9,500-mile Titan (TIME, Oct. 13). But the big (90 ft., 110 tons) job never got off the ground: malfunction kicked in a "fail-safe" mechanism that automatically shut off the first-stage propulsion system seconds after it began to fire. Still, in the light of a fast-growing technology, backed by last week's huge achievements, the U.S. knew better than to condemn Titan on the strength of a failed launching.

THE PRESIDENCY

Black-Ink Budget

In the red and black terms of fiscal policy, it was a dramatic occasion. After a paring and scraping, President Eisenhower had almost in hand, to present to the 86th Congress next month, a balanced budget with about \$7 billion incoming against about \$7 billion outgoing.

There was no magic revenue or cost breakthrough in the Eisenhower Administration's prospective balanced budget as Ike outlined it last week to Republican congressional leaders. It had come not by wave of the hand but by sweat of the brow. "There can be no real fiscal security in this country," said the President, "unless our fiscal policy is sound. Remember that." Items in the new budget.

Defense. The Defense Department, by methods such as turning a harder eye to duplicating missile programs and wringing out other items of military waste, has squeezed itself into a budget estimate of \$40.8 billion, about the same as for the current fiscal year, despite fantastically rising costs of new technology and force requirements that originally totaled a staggering \$58 billion.

Welfare. The Eisenhower legislative program has eliminated all new social welfare legislation, water and reclamation project starts, etc.

Form Subsidies. These remain the Administration's biggest headache (see Agriculture), but the budget envisions a \$600 million saving in nonrecurring expenses for the acreage reserve section of the soil bank program (which was not extended by the last Congress), as much as \$170 million on rural electrification, and a big chunk of the \$250 million being spent for agricultural conservation. Moreover, the Agriculture department's surplus estimates are based not on the balmy-weather bumper crops of 1958 but on the ornery-weather average of other years.

Federal Lending. All Government lending programs, from the Small Business Administration to college housing and urban renewal are coming under a hard budgetary thumb.

New Income. Proposed hikes in the federal gasoline tax, aviation gas tax and postal rates (first-class mail to a flat 5¢) will, if approved by Congress, help bring income into line with outgo.

If, by the end of the next fiscal year (June 30, 1960), the U.S. budget is in fact in balance, it will be a political miracle. Vice President Richard Nixon is among Republicans who fear that stout dedication to a balanced budget may type Republicans as rearwardists just when liberals are winning elections.

The Democratic 86th Congress is certain to buck violently against the Administration budget in such fields as reclamation and social welfare. But in that sense the mere presentation of a balanced budget puts the Administration in a favorable position: anyone who wants to spend more will have to unbalance it—and suffer the possible political consequences.

AGRICULTURE

Thorn of Plenty

Next to waging the cold war and preventing a hot one, the most gruesome task confronting the U.S. Government is coping with the farm-glut scandal. Swollen by the costs of buying and storing farm surpluses—largely created by obsolete federal price supports—Agriculture Department spending will mount this fiscal year to \$6.9 billion, more than twice the combined outlays of the State, Justice, Interior, Commerce and Labor Departments.

The surplus wheat, corn, cotton, cheese, etc., in federal storage adds up to such fantastic bulk that it costs nearly \$1 billion a year just to store the stuff while it slowly deteriorates. And the costs threaten to climb higher as farm output keeps rising. Last week the Agriculture Department reported that, though planted acreage was the smallest since 1918, the U.S.'s total 1958 crop output topped by a startling 11% the previous record highs of 1948, 1956 and 1957. For wheat and corn, already in generous oversupply, farmers set new yield-per-acre records.

The vastness of the federal farm problem at year's end measures the failure of the hopes and promises that Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson brought with him to Washington nearly six years ago—and no one knows it better than Ezra Benson. In a speech last week in Los Angeles, like the legendary sorcerer's apprentice, he all but pushed the panic button in warning that the runaway price-support programs for wheat, tobacco and peanuts "might soon become disastrous." Said he: "We must complete our revision of the farm programs without delay."

Benson has been the victim of a farm-productivity revolution, the combined workings of improved fertilizers, more and bigger farm machinery, deadlier pesticides and higher-yielding hybrid plants. But

even his friends have begun to wonder whether he may have hindered rather than helped his announced aims. He justly carps at Capitol Hill's farm-vote-minded refusal to grant him all the support-shrinking powers he has asked for ("Our recommended program has never been given a real try"), but he has not always used the powers that he has to limit price supports, e.g., he voluntarily provided generous Government price support for millions of bushels of corn raised outside his acreage-restriction programs. And he has muddled debate by underwriting such feeble steps as 1956's since-discarded acreage-reserve provisions of the soil bank and his new, too-little, too-late corn program, which, by abandoning production curbs in return for a very modest decrease in corn price supports, threatens to bring on a bigger corn glut than ever.

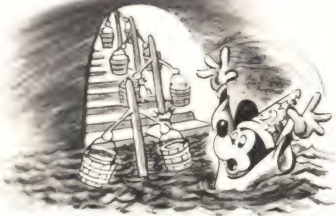
"The trouble with Benson," said a ranking Agriculture Department officer last week, "has been that he talks as if he were the master of the problem, when actually he has been the slave of it." But whatever marks Benson deserves for his six-year effort, it is inescapably obvious that he is correct in his blunt demands for a new farm program to replace the depression-vintage, price-support apparatus, which operates like the unstoppable sorcerer's apprentice's broom—to make worse the problem it was designed to cure.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Seven to One

The U.S. public's position, as reported by the Gallup poll last week, on whether Secretary of State Dulles is right to keep U.S. troops in Kremlin-menaced Berlin even at risk of war:

Stay in Berlin	60%
Get out of Berlin	8%
No opinion	9%
Not familiar with problem	23%



© Walt Disney Productions
MICKEY MOUSE AS THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE
Enslaving the master.

QUEMOY 1958: — A Classic Cold-War Campaign

The most important cold-war textbook lesson of the year is a step-by-step analysis of last autumn's Quemoy crisis prepared by U.S. military and diplomatic agencies in recent weeks. Its gist:

THE Battle of Quemoy 1958 began early last August, when Chinese Nationalist reconnaissance pilots flying RF-84 jets over the Formosa Strait spotted Communist MIGs on two previously unoccupied airfields at Cheng-hai and Lien-cheng facing Formosa and the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. The evaluation: Red China, locked up inside its borders since the Formosa Strait crisis of 1954-55, was once more on the move in Asia. The confirmation: Red China's air force opened up a careful reconnaissance of Quemoy.

After Mao Tse-tung wound up his secret talks with Khrushchev in Peking, Radio Peking formally proclaimed that Quemoy-Matsu would be assaulted as a prelude to an attack against Formosa, U.S. and Chinese Nationalist intelligence officers measured known strengths. Red China's army numbered a vast 2,500,000 men—200,000 in action stations facing the Formosa Strait—and its air force of 400 tactical bombers and 1,600 jet fighters was backed up by the 2,300 planes of the U.S.S.R.'s Far East command. The Chinese Nationalists could muster only 400,000 troops—including 90,000 on Quemoy, 25,000 on Matsu—and an air force of 400 jet fighters spearheaded by F-86 Sabre jet interceptors of Korean-war vintage. The U.S. had in the area the 100-ship, 300-or-so-plane Seventh Fleet, the Fifth Air Force in Japan, the Thirteenth Air Force in the Philippines.

The Growing Threat

On Aug. 18 the Communists fired 100 shells at Quemoy, overflew Quemoy with MIG-17 jet fighters, dropped no bombs. On Aug. 23 the Communists laid down a tremendous artillery bombardment of 50,000 rounds. On Aug. 24 the Communists fired 40,000 rounds, went into a daily average of 10,000 rounds per day for five days, again held back airpower. On Aug. 29 the Communists kicked off their propaganda onslaught by warning the free world that "a landing is imminent," warned the Quemoy garrison "to withdraw." Then, two days later, the Communists made a big—and unanticipated—move to scare the U.S. out of involvement in Quemoy. The Kremlin warned the U.S. that the U.S.S.R. intended to give Red China "necessary moral and material aid in the just struggle for the liberation of Formosa" and that "any aggression by the U.S. in the Far East will . . . lead to spreading the war."

But Washington decided to stand firm at Quemoy. The Joint Chiefs sent a Tactical Air Command task force of scores of medium jet bombers and supersonic jet interceptors to Formosa, sent carriers *Essex* and *Midway* to reinforce the four carriers in the Seventh Fleet, ordered the Seventh Fleet to escort Chinese Nationalist supply convoys to within three miles of Quemoy. A week later the President, in a speech from the White House, capped the U.S. effort: "A Western Pacific Munich would not buy us peace. There is not going to be any appeasement."

The Three Battles

In three characteristic phases of a cold-war limited conflict, the battle of Quemoy was now joined.

AIR BATTLE: The Communists held back their big air force from Quemoy-Matsu, but flew out over the Formosa Strait. Result: bitter dogfights between Red MIG-17s and slower Nationalist F-86 Sabres. The MIGs have a capability of 60,000 ft. and 635 knots with afterburner. The Sabres have a top altitude of 48,000 ft. and speed of 600 knots. Yet the Nationalists routed the MIGs. The big difference lay in pilot quality: the Nationalist airmen were eager and carefully trained—their flying time in Sabres alone ranged from 300 to 1,400 hours. The Communists appeared inex-

perienced and indecisive, poor in gunnery and teamwork. The U.S. Air Force air-transported its newest F-104 Starfighters from the U.S. to Formosa in a matter of days, got them airborne and onto Red radar screens at 1,400 m.d.h.

ARTILLERY BATTLE: Communist China's gunners laid down on Quemoy one of the most intense and longest-sustained artillery bombardments ever directed against a single objective. High point: the Communists fired 60,000 rounds from 300 guns on Sept. 11. The bombardment caused serious disruption on the supply beaches, smashed up two Chinese Nationalist airstrips, outgunned Nationalist artillerymen—but it had little effect on the morale of the dug-in Nationalist troops, many of them Formosans. As bombardment wore on, the Nationalists got emergency schooling from U.S. officers and noncoms on fast unloading techniques, deployed underwater demolition teams to blast out new beach approaches, used small LVTs pouring out of big LST transports, and C-46 airdrop teams escorted by U.S. Marine Corps night fighters to win the supply battle.

PROPAGANDA BATTLE: The Communists keyed their bombardment to a ceaseless propaganda attack, listed 40 specific charges of U.S. aggression in the Formosa Strait, whipped up a homeside hate campaign by accusing Chinese Nationalists of using poison-gas shells. By loudspeakers and leaflet shells the Communists offered the Quemoy garrison attractive surrender terms; by letters routed through Hong Kong, they offered top Nationalist big bribes if they would desert. At the same time they beat on the theme that with the U.S. elections due on Nov. 4, there could be no support in the U.S. for helping Nationalist President Chiang Kai-shek. But as the U.S. position held firm, and as the Red China military hogged down, the Communists shifted to a new line. The Russians said they had been misunderstood, would never enter a "civil war." Peking radio called no more for "liberation" of Formosa and the offshore islands by force; instead it talked of resolving differences between "Chinese brothers" by discussions and amalgamation.

The Lessons

By September's end it was clear to Red China that there would be no cheap victory at Quemoy. On Oct. 6 the Communists declared their first cease-fire—"out of humanitarian considerations," as they put it. The Nationalists coolly used the lull to unload tens of thousands of tons on Quemoy. On Oct. 20 the Communists canceled the cease-fire, laid down erratic shellfire until Nov. 3, when they put down about 40,000 shells in a bombardment that had so little military meaning that U.S. observers conclude it must have been aimed at U.S. voters on the eve of the congressional elections of Nov. 4. Red China announced its weird off-day cease-fire, also announced the replacement of Red Army Chief of Staff Su Yu.

No specific book of rules can be written out of the Formosa experience, since the Communists can mix their efforts into whatever formula they feel will best serve their designs. But Quemoy proved the success of certain U.S. policies. For one, the U.S. established the cold-war value of anti-Communist Asian forces ready to fight for what they have. Military-assistance investments of many years were justified and paid out in the Quemoy crisis of 1958. The second and never-to-be-forgotten lesson is that the Communist intentions remain as they have been in the past—to eliminate the U.S., all its forces and influences from Asia, and gradually blot up the small countries. If they are ever successful in this fundamental objective of causing U.S. withdrawal, the map of the world can be remade in weeks.

Open Door

Out of Moscow last week came one request that the U.S. promptly granted. Through U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson, the Russians asked for a diplomatic visa permitting Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan to visit the U.S. for a fortnight or so early next month. One of three members of the old Stalin gang (the others: Premier Khrushchev, President Voroshilov) still surviving in the top ranks of the Soviet hierarchy, wily Armenian Mikoyan, 63, will officially be visiting the U.S. as the guest of Ambassador Mikhail A. ("Smiling Mike") Menshikov, but Mikoyan's obvious purpose in making the trip is to talk to top U.S. officials, possibly the President. The U.S. has "no information" on Mikoyan's plans, announced a State Department spokesman, but he added that presumably "anyone he wished to see would be glad to see him."

number he named assistant minority leader; by last week they were insisting that they get both the minority leader and the assistant minority leader posts.

Yet even as the Eisenhower Republicans sought a firmer stance, they could feel the rug being pulled out from under them by their political leader, Dwight Eisenhower, after years of insisting that the internal affairs of the Congress were none of his business, had suddenly decided to take a hand. On the record, Ike was merely pleading with Senate Republicans not to get into a ruinous fight. Actually, he was doing everything possible to defeat the Republican Senators who were battling on his behalf.

The President's belief was that with only 34 Republicans in the Senate of the 86th Congress, he should seek unity at all costs—and he thought that kind of unity could be best achieved under the Old Guard leadership, even though it has steadfastly opposed him. So the

theoretically escorting a Boys' Clubs of America prizewinner, sashayed forth to announce, again from the White House steps, that he had the leader's job won.

By that time the Senate's Eisenhower Republicans agreed that it all seemed confusing. They were about to slate Vermont's Aiken for leader and California's Thomas Kuchel for assistant leader. But with defections such as that of Kentucky's Morton, they could not quite count enough votes. And they were sure to be able to count even fewer for so long as Ike continued to throw his weight toward "unity" behind Senate Republicans who had consistently opposed him.

Hot Seats

"Each House," says the U.S. Constitution, "shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members." Exercising its constitutional prerogative, the House of Representatives—in the persons of a five-member Select Com-



COOPER



BUSH



KUCHEL



Neal Clark



Walter Bennett

But there were Styles and Aiken on the White House steps.

THE CONGRESS

Frustrated Loyalists

The headlines kept telling of Eisenhower Republicans in the U.S. Senate in full-leathered revolt against their Old Guard, anti-Eisenhower leadership. Yet headlines also kept telling of Old Guard, anti-Eisenhower Senate Republicans emerging from Dwight Eisenhower's office to use the White House steps as a we-got-'em-beat platform. It all seemed confusing—until, that is, the behind-the-scenes facts became known. Then it was no longer confusing; it was as plain as day.

Last session, when California's Republican Senator William Knowland announced his retirement as the Senate's G.O.P. leader to run for Governor of California, the handful of Eisenhower Republicans started talking about a real chance to take over. By last August the insurgent planning revolved around Vermont's George Aiken, New Jersey's Clifford Case and New York's Jacob Javits. After such Old Guard Republicans as Nevada's George Malone, Ohio's John Bricker—and Bill Knowland himself—got soundly whipped in the November elections, Aiken & Co. felt sure that they were in the right track. At first they had demanded only that one of their

White House staff went into action. Items:

¶ Richard Nixon, whose support the insurgents had originally counted upon, went to a couple of White House conferences and suddenly became noncommittal.

¶ Kentucky's middle-roading Senator Thruston Morton, who had been an Eisenhower State Department appointee and remains thoroughly responsive to the President's wishes, announced that he would vote for the Old Guard candidate for Senate leader, Illinois' Everett Dirksen. Exception: he would support his Kentucky colleague, John Sherman Cooper, sponsored by Connecticut's Prescott Bush, for Republican leader if Cooper got into the running. But later Cooper withdrew.

¶ The Old Guard's longtime leader, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, got an afternoon appointment with President Eisenhower, returned secretly for breakfast a couple of mornings later, and from the White House steps declared: "I think we are willing to give them a damned fair proposition. I don't think they can rightly ask for more than that." Bridges' proposition: the Ikemen would get the assistant minority leader's post, plus the meaningless chairmanship of the Senate Republicans' Committee on Committees.

¶ Ev Dirksen came to the White House,

mittee on Elections—last week scrutinized three House elections out of 436 this fall in which the outcome was contested. The three:

¶ Kansas' Sixth District, where the margin of incumbent Republican Wint Smith over Democrat Elmo J. Mahoney was so narrow (233 votes) that the committee recommended an investigation of Mahoney's charge of irregularities.

¶ Minnesota's Ninth District, where Odin Langen chalked up the nation's only G.O.P. conquest of a Democratic seat by defeating two-term Coya Knutson. Her prestige damaged at campaign time by a "Coya Come Home" letter from inkeeping Husband Andy Knutson (TIME, May 19 et seq.), Coya last week got Andy to the Capitol to admit he had written the letter at the instigation of his wife's political opponents and to add that he would like to see Coya back in Congress. The House committee found that Republican Langen had taken no part in the letter writing, tactfully suggested that Coya Knutson's marital problems were a matter for Minnesota voters to pass on.

¶ Arkansas' Fifth (Little Rock) District, where Segregationist Independent Dale Alford defeated respected eight-term Democrat Brooks Hays after a write-in

campaign attacking Southern Baptist Convention President Hays's moderate stand on integration (TIME, Nov. 17). Protesting the outcome last week was not Hays but John F. Wells, publisher of the *Arkansas Recorder*, a Little Rock weekly and Hays's longtime friend—and longtime political critic. Charred Wells² in a well-documented complaint: 1) Alford written in stickers were delivered to election officials along with ballots and ballot boxes; 2) contrary to law, the stickers had an "X" marked on them already; 3) in some hotly segregationist precincts more votes were cast than there were voters; e.g., in one ward in the little town of Jacksonville on the outskirts of Little Rock 1362 registrants; Alford received 325 votes. Hays 100.

Splitting along regional lines, the committee's two Republicans and Massachusetts Democrat Thomas O'Neill recommended that Alford's seat be denied him until the charges were investigated, and two Southern Democrats wrote a minority report protesting the seat denial but agreeing that "further investigation is warranted." The vote presaged a bitter fight between Southerners and Northern liberals over the Fifth District's seat when the House convenes next month.

SEQUELS

U.S. v. B.G.

"The United States of America versus Bernard Goldfine," drowned the clerk in a Washington Federal Court. "You are charged with contempt of Congress. How do you wish to plead?" Rising from a front-row seat the man for whom life has become a nervous round of "the U.S. 5" walked to the bench, announced a firm "Not guilty." Basis of the charges: 18 instances, during a hearing last summer of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight (TIME July 14 *et seq.*) in which the 68-year-old Boston millionaire and friend of Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams refused to answer questions about \$104,973 in cash withdrawals from his Boston Port Development Co. and East Boston Co.

At almost the moment that Goldfine was being fingerprinted and bailed out (\$1,000) of the capital's Federal Court Building until a March 10 trial, another contempt decision was being logged in Boston. U.S. District Judge Charles Wyzanski Jr. found Goldfine and faithful Secretary Mildred Paperman guilty of criminal contempt (but postponed their sentence) for not turning over complete records of three Goldfine textile companies to an 80-man Internal Revenue task force fine-combing Goldfine's bewildering financial empire for tax fraud. And as though two contempt trials were not enough, a third gets under way this



Associated Press

DEFENDANT GOLDFINE
A friendless old friend.

week. The Securities and Exchange Commission got Goldfine summoned back into Boston's Federal Court, accused him of ignoring a 1955 court order by failing to file last November a semiannual SEC Form 9-K on the East Boston Co.

LABOR

Flights Canceled

Touching down at Boston's Logan Airport in the small hours one morning last week after a flight from New York, American Airlines Flight 116 routinely rolled to the terminal, discharged 62 passengers. Then, in a grim departure from routine, the DC-6—strikebound American's last flight—rolled away to join 194 other planes already grounded indefinitely at airports around the U.S. Unable to reach agreement on a new contract covering its 15,000 American Airlines members, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Air Line Pilots Association highest salaried and most intensively trained of all U.S. unions, had struck the largest U.S. airline, left thousands of holiday travelers digging desperately for other ways to get there.

The strike against American, which flies 24,000 passengers daily east and west, had been building since ALPA's contract expired 16 months ago. A principal point at issue in the onrushing jet age: whether the third man in the jet cockpit should be a pilot or flight engineer. ALPA and American had reached an informal agreement by adding a fourth man as third pilot. But then they disagreed on wages and flying hours for crews of both jet and piston-driven planes. American offered substantial wage increases: e.g., from \$10,200 annually to \$28,000 for eight-year pilots, but demanded that pilots continue to fly 82 hours a month, the maximum allowed by the old contract. ALPA asked a scale up to \$27,500 for the same senior pilots, but wanted monthly flying time cut to 75

hours. Unable to resolve the differences, union and management broke off negotiations, and ALPA grounded pilots as each post-midnight flight ended. No pickets appeared. Said one pilot: "Why should we walk a picket line? Nobody's going to fly the airplanes if we're not there."

The walkout meant that two of the four major U.S. airlines were at a standstill. Eastern Air Lines, largest operator on north-south air routes, has been strike-bound since the flight engineers' union walked out Nov. 24 in a disagreement over jet crew makeup. With airline flights 60% of normal, and the first of the holiday traffic on the move, thousands of travelers last week milled around terminals, reached destinations by circuitous routes and even by railroads and buses. The irony of it all: just when U.S. commercial aviation was entering a brand-new era, it was being assailed by the kind of feather-bedding demands and jurisdictional disputes that smacked of hardening arteries.

THE SUPREME COURT

Decisions, Decisions

In cases ranging from oranges to shotguns, the Supreme Court last week laid down the law in answer to two topical questions:

What is "Harmless?" Where the gap between day and night temperatures is wide enough, oranges turn orange as they ripen on the trees. But Florida nights average so warm that oranges often remain green even when fully ripe. Since U.S. housewives want orange oranges, the Florida orange industry turns green oranges yellow by exposing them to ethylene gas, then colors them orange with a coal-tar dye called Red 32.

In 1955, after testing Red 32 on animals and finding it highly poisonous, the federal Health, Education and Welfare Department took it off the list of "certified" colors. Under orders to stop using Red 32 by next March 1, Florida orange-men pleaded that the stuff had not been proved to be harmful in the minute quantities that might enter an orange eater's system. Overruling the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, the Supreme Court held that in the coal-tar provisions of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938, "harmless" plainly means absolutely harmless, and that therefore Red 32 "is not to be used at all." Unless Congress amends the law, Florida orangemen are going to have to convince housewives that yellow oranges can be just as good as orange oranges.

What is "Assault?" In 1944 a Mississippi moonshiner named Lovander Ladner ambushed two federal revenueurs, wounding both with one shotgun blast—or maybe more than one. Convicted of two violations of a federal law prohibiting "assault" on a federal officer, Ladner was sentenced to two ten-year prison terms. After serving one term, he appealed on the ground that he had fired only one shot and was therefore guilty of only one "assault." Overruling lower courts, the

² In Little Rock, Publisher Wells was speedily disciplined for standing up for Brooks Hays, Arkansas House of Representatives, which does Orval Faubus bidding, notified Wells that it was cancelling his \$10,200 contract for publishing a daily digest of legislative sessions. Proffered reason for the sudden cut: economy.

Supreme Court found the plea valid. Noting that the same law makes it an offense to "impede" a federal officer, the court asked: If a man locked a door to keep out several federal officers, would he "commit as many crimes as there are officers?" Obviously not, as the majority saw it. Dissenting, Justice Tom Clark argued that the majority decision made assaults on federal officers "just as cheap by the dozen." Still to be decided by lower courts: Did Ladner fire only one shot?

CRIME

"The Proper Punishment"

Introduced in the San Diego trial of Amateur Photographer Harvey Glatman last week were 22 pictures that had technical polish, slight originality of composition, and almost no precedent in the grim annals of criminal evidence. They were studies of three women bound with sash cord at ankles, knees and arms. As each one faced the Schneider Xenar f:3.5 lens of Glatman's Rolleicord, she was minutes away from murder.

A 31-year-old TV repairman by day and shutterbug by night, Glatman was picked up last October. His arrest was accidental: a 28-year-old model, lured like earlier victims by Glatman's pose-for-pay pitch, struggled free when he attacked her in a car off the Santa Ana Freeway, held him at bay with his own pistol until a state highway patrolman appeared. To police, the pint-sized convict glibly announced he had strangled three other women, led police to the decomposed bodies of two of them on a sun-bleached strip of desert southeast of Los Angeles. He volunteered the 22 pictures, explained proudly how he settled on fine-grain Panatomic-X film for black-and-whites, processed the Anscochrome color transparencies himself.

Last week, after Glatman pleaded guilty and waived a jury trial, grim-faced Judge John Hewicker studied the photographs and other evidence, sentenced the

photographer to San Quentin's gas chamber. Said the court: "There are some crimes so revolting that the only proper punishment is the death penalty." Said unconcerned Shutterbug Glatman: "I think my actions justify that. I knew this is the way it would be."

STATISTICS

Longer Lives

The average life span of U.S. citizens, well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed and well-medicated, is getting longer and longer. Meeting in New Orleans last week, the National Association of Insurance Commissioners—the state-government officials in charge of insurance matters—okayed a new mortality table that showed a dramatic rise in life expectancy since the current official table was approved in 1941. Back in 1941, as insurance actuaries figured it, the life expectancy of a newborn infant in the U.S. was 62 years; in the new table the figure is 68 years. The 1941-58 increase largely a result of antibiotics and other medical advances, is about equal to the life-expectancy increase in the U.S. between 1858 and 1941.

POLITICAL NOTES

Morse's Right-to-Work Law

Oregonians recognize U.S. Senator Wayne Morse's instinct for the political jugular, but until last week they never realized that it extended even to a right-to-work-for-Wayne-Morse law. Last week all Oregon learned what the Senator's neighbors in Eugene have known for two months: that fiery Democratic (and ex-Republican) Liberal Morse had fired a part-time gardener, horse handler and 25-year friend because the 65-year-old handyman dared defend Dwight Eisenhower to Morse's face.

Morse and Handyman DeForest ("Dee") Pickert were bound for a campaign rally in Oregon City last October when a third friend remarked to Republi-

can Pickert: "Wayne really gave your old pal Ike a good working over last night." Snapped Pickert: "Ike has forgot more about war than the common man will ever know." At that point Wayne Morse blew with a fury old friends in Oregon and the U.S. Capitol are wary of. Soon after Morse sent to Employee Pickert a check for \$49.25 in wages and a parting explanation: "I am very sorry that it became necessary to end our working relationships. However, I have found from experience that whenever one has such strong differences with my political views which you expressed to others, loyalty of friendship is sacrificed."

ARMED FORCES

Bone Crusher

The supersonic delta-wing B-4 Hustler, loping along at 650 m.p.h., 32,000 ft. over Texas, began a sharp turn to the southeast. Suddenly the four-jet bomber strained, trembled. "The first thing I noticed," said Captain Daniel Holland, the defensive-systems operator, "was that we were pulling Gs, which indicated to me that we were achieving an unusual attitude . . . I called Smitty [Major Richard Smith, 40, the pilot] and said: 'What's the matter? What's going on?' The answer wasn't immediate, so I figured he was fighting the controls. Next thing I knew, he was saying, 'I can't control it. Let's bail.'"

Added the navigator, Lieut. Colonel George Gradel: "Everything felt wrong. The aircraft had gone into a dive. Once that happened, it happened fast. Then I heard a voice which just said, 'Bail out.'"

Ejection came fast. First out was Holland. Strapped in his seat, he hit the air like a bullet splattering against a steel wall. The blasting air stream broke his right arm, fractured his pelvis, pulled apart the ligaments of his left leg, belted his face and body into a raw, black and blue mess. Then his chute opened. Pilot Smith ejected next, took the same pummeling as his body shot into the steely



SHIRLEY ANN BRIDGEFORD



RUTH MERCADO

In the stark, horrible face of brutal death.



Harvey M. Glatman
JUDY ANN DULL



SUPPER AT PERUVIAN EMBASSY



Robert Phillips—Black Star

HOST BERCKEMEYER (RIGHT) WITH SIR HAROLD & LADY CACCIA
Why go back where the sole may not be at their best?

air, but his chute never opened and he fell, crushed to the ground. Navigator Gradel's blast-out broke his arms and legs, his right shoulder lashed his face and knocked him unconscious. He woke to see his parachute above him, passed out again on the way down. The needle-nosed \$8,000,000 Hustler screamed down, tore a 30-ft. crater in the ground, cracked up into thousands of fist-size pieces—remarkably enough, the first B-28 crash since the 1,500-m.p.h. bombers were unveiled two years ago.

At week's end, the two survivors lay limply on hospital beds. All B-28s—the hottest bombers in the Air Force arsenal—were unofficially grounded. A deep question plagued the minds of Air Force investigators: how to do a better job of protecting the flyers of the jet age against the bone-crushing hazards of bail-out at supersonic speeds.

THE CAPITAL

Party Line

Upstairs in the White House, Dwight Eisenhower and his lady delayed their entrance until the arrival of the tardy (by 15 minutes) Tunisian ambassador. When the ambassador had joined the throng in the East Room, the President, in white tie and tails and Mamie in a scarlet net gown set off by a heart-shaped diamond pendant, came down to greet the 78 guests and launch the most important diplomatic social function of the year.

So big is Washington's ever-growing diplomatic corps—the biggest in the world, with 82 heads of mission—that the White House had to divide its traditional state dinner into two separate functions a night apart: only the hosts and the menu (four wines, sole, turkey, spinach soufflé, strawberry ice cream molds) were identical. Aside from the President's spectacular Atlas announcement on the second night, only one incident ruffled the

traditional decorum: Belgium's veteran Ambassador Baron Robert Silvercray, normally the very picture of diplomatic dignity, provided a giddy moment when he picked up his wife's train and did a few jolly jig steps in time to Marine band music as the stately baroness (widow of Connecticut's late Senator Brien McMahon) strode elegantly into the East Room after dinner.

Who's Who? In Dwight Eisenhower's Washington, high society is not what it used to be. For one thing the President has cut down on big social doings since his heart attack and stroke (only five White House dinners this season). For another the Washington social set, symbolized by such flamboyant party givers as Gwen Cafritz and Perle Mesta, seems to wilt in a Republican administration. The social glamour has now been taken over by the diplomats, who see parties principally as an excellent means of scouting international business. So crowded are the big diplomatic functions that it is sometimes easier to recognize a fellow diplomat by his country ("Here comes El Salvador") than by his name.

Despite the formality of such occasions, some diplomatic hosts are better known—and liked—than others. "Some make the grade because of the countries they represent," a Brazilian diplomat once explained it. "and some in spite of the countries they represent." Britain's Sir Harold Caccia entertains infrequently, but the British embassy is decidedly a place to be seen (although Lady Caccia has earned many a raised eyebrow because of her custom of moving guests from one after-dinner conversational cluster to another). Belgium's Silvercray gives small but elegant dinners at his home, forbids shop talk ("I do not work at meal time"), is widely regarded as a gourmet (who, when told that a friend was returning to Belgium, cried forlornly: "What a bad time! The sole will not be at their best!").

Goyas & Gielgud. Washington's most lavish diplomatic entertainments are given by Spain's Ambassador José Marie M. de Arellano, Count of Motrico, and his wife, who live in one of the capital's most breathtaking houses (white-walled ballroom, priceless tapestries, bubbling fountain). The Spaniards are hosts at huge New Year's Eve balls (an annual Columbus Day party (1,000 guests) and spring *Feria* (carnival), bring in flamenco dancers who whirl to the clapping of the guests (including the ambassador, sitting on the floor). For perfectly detailed dinners and suppers, nobody surpasses Peru's Ambassador Fernando Berckemeyer, who hosts good Goyas on the walls, two excellent French chefs in the kitchen.

Berckemeyer, onetime (1920-23) Notre Dame student, is one of the few who never need a specific national reason for partying; once gave a soiree for British Poetess Dame Edith Sitwell, whose connections with Peru had hitherto been obscure. Last weekend Berckemeyer did it again: an after-theater supper for British Actor Sir John Gielgud, French embassy parties, while never very big, are among the most enjoyable, are distinguished by the beauty of Ambassador Hervé Alphonse's second wife (he was divorced, remarried last summer) and the ambassador's after-dinner impersonations of Winston Churchill and France's René Coty. ("I'll have my choice between Maurice Chevalier and Alphonse," says an admirer, "I'd take Alphonse.")

But of all the party-loving diplomats in Washington, none is so indefatigable as Nicaragua's Ambassador Dr. Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa, dean of the diplomatic corps (miniatures of 33 medals one sash—who in his social seniority sometimes attends a luncheon, three receptions and a dinner all in one day, so far this year has been seen at 213 such functions). Busy, portly Sevilla-Sacasa scarcely has time to throw a party of his own.

FOREIGN NEWS

COMMUNISTS

Time to Retreat

The leaders of Communism's two big camps are in trouble.

To hear them tell it last week, Mao Tse-tung was stepping serenely down from the most tedious of his five jobs, and Nikita Khrushchev was proclaiming some of the greatest victories in Soviet agricultural history.

Actually, both Moscow and Peking were in major retreats at home. In both cases the battle was over agriculture—that individualistic and capricious pursuit that has defied Communist planners from the beginning. Moscow proposed to toughen up on the peasantry, Peking confessed to moving too fast in thrusting thousands of peasants into barrack communes.

Russia's Nikita Khrushchev found it necessary to reveal some great weaknesses in his drive for a farm output that would soon equal that of the U.S.—and to serve notice in guarded but unmistakable fashion that he is going to put pressure on the peasantry of his collective farms to give up their private plots and cows.

Incentives of Cost. Having made many concessions to a sullen peasantry to get work out of them, the Soviet boss now finds them living too high on the hog—a trend that is even more marked in Communist Poland, where, one economist says, "the cities are working for the peasants."

Khrushchev last week cited vast differences between the man-hours required for comparable farm output in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., that were really much more eye-opening than his flashy predictions of increased farm production. These comparisons (see below) gave a truer picture of how far Khrushchev really is from equaling the U.S., and how harshly he must clamp down if he would close the gap. He found it necessary to increase his menaces against the "anti-party" group, and to blame them for the defects in Soviet planning. Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov, by opposing his virgin lands development, gave him a beautiful issue on which he can and does skewer them now.

Incentives of Fear. In China too, the boss blamed those below. Mao was also suffering from a desperate agricultural imbalance. He set out audaciously to do two tasks at once—to create an industrial structure from scratch while at the same time boosting farm output to feed an increasing population. To achieve a radical increase in farm products, he did not propose to introduce Khrushchev's costly peasant incentives. Instead, Mao has substituted Communism's cheapest incentives—fear and control.

The pell-mell herding of millions into communes was threatening to produce a resistance that might cause an even less ambitious program to founder. So Mao and his colleagues were compelled to slow up. But they have yet found no other way to achieve their headlong ambitions.

"This Spot of Shame"

Whenever there is a tremor and a turn at the top of the Communist world, ritual requires that the losers be brought forth to confess their errors, praise their vanquishers and—possibly—face the consequences. So far Khrushchev has decreed that Old Bolsheviks need not die, but just fade away. But the acrid gun smell of the past lurks around the Kremlin, and last week Nikita Khrushchev invoked another ritual of the Stalinist era: the public recantation, admitting to mistakes so that the boss may escape the rap for them.

A stooped and paunchy but still very



EX-TEAMMATES B & K
Groveling off to oblivion.

recognizable figure, the man with the white goatee and the river-boat gambler's eyes, stepped onto the speaker's platform at Moscow's Central Committee meeting. Ex-Premier Nikolai Bulganin, still a Central Committee member though banished to the chairmanship of an obscure regional economic council in the north Caucasus, spoke his cringing words on the fourth day of debate:

"All that Comrade Khrushchev said in his report about the anti-party group and about me is true." They had "criminally" opposed, delayed and impeded a farm program of "genius." Bulganin gave devastating little thumbnail sketches of his colleagues disgraced and banished—Molotov, "isolated from life and from the Soviet people, knowing nothing of industry and agriculture"; Kaganovich, "a phrasemaker who interfered with party work with his

long, involved speeches"; Malenkov, "an intriguer capable of all villainies."

Even more groveling was his account of himself: "Before the June 1957 [show-down] I was not with the anti-party group on the question of reorganizing industrial management and the question of developing the virgin lands. I spoke and fought for the party line. But sad as it is for me, the fact remains that in 1957, when the anti-party activity of Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov and Shepilov was in full swing, I joined them. As chairman of the council of ministers at the time, I was not only their accomplice but their nominal leader. The anti-party group met and plotted in my office. If therefore I once behaved correctly, I subsequently shared with them all the anti-party filth."

Bulganin said that at the end he had voted right, i.e., to uphold Khrushchev's leadership. But "I accepted all subsequent [demotions] as deserved by me and necessary to the party. I have sincerely confessed my mistakes. I have asked the Central Committee to get me back on the party rails. I ask only that it let me fulfill the duties which have been entrusted to me, the duties of chairman of the Stavropol economic council, and I shall endeavor without sparing my energies to remove from myself this spot of shame."

And with that the onetime Premier of Russia, and Nikita Khrushchev's onetime convivial traveling companion, shuffled back to his seat and the brightest fate he could hope for—oblivion.

Russia's Big Lag

For the first time since the days when Trotsky led the opposition to Stalin in the '20s, *Pravda* last week suddenly published the proceedings of the Soviet Communist Party's 253-man Central Committee Plenum while it was going on. By this precedent-smashing maneuver, Nikita Khrushchev sought to broadcast as swiftly and dramatically as possible his speech signaling a shift in Soviet agricultural policy. Acting so abruptly, in such untimely fashion just six weeks before the 21st Party Congress is due to meet, Boss Nikita gave many the idea that he was in something of a sweat.

Humbug Harvest. In his usual high-binding style, Nikita tried to turn a defensive outburst into a strident success story, covering 63 pages of *Pravda*. When he took over five years ago, he said, Soviet agriculture was in "a very bad state." Its grain output so low that cities suffered from bread shortages, its livestock population dying by the millions for lack of fodder. Only the year before, Malenkov, "to conceal the failures under his direction," had "dishonestly" put out "humbug" figures purporting to show that the country had produced 145 million tons of grain, when in cold fact it had harvested no more than 100 million. Taking over, Nikita Khrushchev saw that the only way to expand production to feed an

industrialized nation was to open vast new acreage in Siberia and offer Russia's collective farmers gaudy price incentives to boost their output. Having messed up Soviet agriculture earlier, said Khrushchev, the "reactionaries" of the anti-party group fought his every reform. "It hurts my tongue to call them comrades," he growled.

But this year his virgin-lands program paid off in a big harvest, and Nikita, ending an official Soviet statistic silence as to farm production that has lasted throughout his five-year reign, bragged that in 1958 the Soviet Union had harvested a 137-million-ton grain crop. He also asserted that this year Soviet milk production would top that of the U.S. for 1957, that Soviet butter production now surpassed the U.S.'s, that Soviet wool output was now 2.3 times that of the U.S., and second only to Australia's in the world. Only in meat production did he admit that the Soviet Union, producing less than half the U.S. output, was failing to catch up. But though declaring Malenkov's figure a lie (since it made his own seem less impressive), Khrushchev was almost certainly fudging his own figures. Western specialists, piecing together other evidence, suspect that Khrushchev has inflated current grain production so that party critics could not protest that his 153-million-ton goal for 1965 is "unrealistic."

"The Control of the Ruble." But the real burden of Khrushchev's 38,000-word message is that Soviet collective farmers must improve their efficiency if the new plan is to be fulfilled. Khrushchev's touring experts had been shocked during their 1955 visit to Iowa to see what huge crop yields a relatively small number of U.S. farmers could obtain. In farm productivity, said Khrushchev, "our country is still seriously lagging behind the U.S." He cited some revealing figures of the number of man-hours required in the two countries to grow 220 lbs. of produce:

	U.S.	U.S.S.R.
	State Farms	Collective Farms
Grain	1.0	7.1
Cotton	18.8	42.8
Milk	4.7	14.7
Hogs	6.3	103.0

For five years, said Khrushchev, collective farmers had had it good because the state offered them fancy prices. But, he added, "the control of the ruble" works both ways, and now that the virgin lands are turning out bumper crops and the state can store some grain, the state will be able to buy "wherever it is cheaper." This year's decision to break up the state Motor Tractor Stations and sell their equipment to collectives, he said, "marks the beginning of a new stage in economic relations between the state and collective farms. Henceforth, the principle of free sale of produce will be extended," and prices are due for a fall.

One reason that collectives do so badly is that peasants prefer to concentrate on their own cows and individual plots, which they are allowed as a sideline. Khrushchev wants to abolish this privilege. The peo-

ple of his native village of Kalinovka, he said, last year "at my suggestion sold their cows to the collective farm . . . and, far from making out worse, have actually improved their material position." Their women were also freed, he pointed out, for more work on the collective. And in a significant echo of China's commotion, the Soviet Premier urged: "The time has come to organize, not only in towns but also in collective farms, communal dining halls, laundries, bakeries and nurseries."

"If the party bodies will grip the task with all their energy," concluded Khrushchev, "the goals set by the seven-year plan will not only be fulfilled but overfulfilled." In other words, the party must get tougher with the peasants—or Khrushchev is not going to hit his ambitious target of raising farm production another 70% by 1965.



MAO

In too big a hurry.

China's Stumbling Leap

Four months ago Peking boasted that true Communism would be achieved in as little as "three to six years." Last week the Chinese Reds sang a different tune: it might take "15 or 20 years" to do the job. And in the midst of these signs of strain, Red Boss Mao Tse-tung stepped down from the prestigious but not crucial position of head of state, which he has held ever since 1949. He remained as party chairman—the key job in Communist China.

These decisions were made at Wuchang in central China, where every prominent Communist in the nation, save one,* gathered for two weeks of intensive and secret discussion. The news of Mao's stepping down as chairman of the People's Republic of China was confided by the Foreign Ministry to trusted outside diplomats

(not invited: the British, the Dutch, the Yugoslavs) after Nationalist China—which says it has an agent inside the party councils—first spread the word. A week passed before China's 650 million people were told the news.

"A Big Zoo." At the party convale, comrades were told that 99% of the peasants are now in communes, i.e., jammed into barracks (TIME, Dec. 1). But plainly, things had gone too fast. And though the Reds proclaimed a bumper crop of 375 million tons of grains, there was a serious shortage of food in the cities. This could be partly explained by the fouled-up transportation system. Under the forced industrialization drive, trucks and trains that might have transported food were kept busy rushing from place to place with loads of pig iron ineply made in thousands of primitive village smelters.

Such setbacks came at an inopportune time. Unrest and conspicuous uprisings in communes like that of Lajpa Island opposite Macao (TIME, Dec. 22) added to the national loss of face from the failure of Red guns and planes to "liberate" Quemoy and the offshore islands (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). The antlike life of the communes had been greeted abroad by coolness in the Soviet Union, by horror in the West, by outspoken distaste in India. Crossing the border to Hong Kong, an Indian population expert last week said that Red China "was like a big zoo" and "in all my travels there I never saw any real sense of happiness in any face."

At the Wuchang meeting, the Central Committee admitted that the communes were in trouble in two areas: 1) the uprooting of families, which caused violent opposition as men, women, children and old people were herded into separate barracks, and 2) great unrest over wages and work. From peasants laboring sometimes from 19 to 20 hours a day, The Central Committee seemed surprised to learn that many local leaders were rude and dictatorial, and that they warned commune members to keep their mouths shut and "do what you are told."

Tidying Up. A committee resolution proposed that a worker might be more efficient if he got at least eight hours' sleep a night and was fed "decent food." The Central Committee promised a "tidying up, consolidation and expansion" of the rural communes—but then revealingly added that, for the present, communes would not be extended to urban centers because "bourgeois ideology is still prevalent in the cities." Tibet (where Red troops have their hands full with the rebellious Khamti tribesmen) was also exempted from the dubious joys of the people's communes. The Communists now so-far-pedaled their boast that they have wiped out China's patriarchal system. Tweaked on this point by John Foster Dulles, the Central Committee passed a unanimous resolution referring to Dulles as "a stupid fellow."

As usual, Mao blamed his troubles not on his policy or his own execution of it, but on the rank and file below. So far as anyone knew, he was still plainly in con-

* Defense Minister Peng Teh-huai, who remained in Peking to greet visiting VIPs.



FRANCE'S COUVE DE MURVILLE

trol. A trusted, aging comrade, most likely General Chu Teh, would probably get the job of head of state (the same sort of job held by Kliment Voroshilov in the U.S.S.R.).

Mao's own dislike of ceremony and his wish to "concentrate his energies on dealing with questions of the direction of policy" were the apparent reasons for his stepping down as chairman of the nation. Nonetheless, he had suffered a severe setback. The man who fancies himself the greatest living Communist theoretician was retreating from his boast of achieving true Communism ("To each according to his need") ahead of Russia, which had a 30-year head start and is still far from achieving it. Retreating from its great leap forward, the Central Party's resolution used the words *gradual*

GERMANY'S BRENTANO



and *gradually* 111 times in 40 pages. The document was peppered with dilatory phrases: "It takes time." "We should not be in a hurry." "We should wait a bit." "There is yet insufficient experience." "Socialism must continue for a long time before we achieve Communism." "We cannot prematurely and hastily carry out a changeover." Nikita Khrushchev must have enjoyed reading all this.

Hard-worked citizens of China, shivering last week in Peking's first heavy snowfall as they stood reading the wall newspapers, could see only that the policy of the communes would continue, and so would the bitterness of their lives.

THE ALLIES

When Free Men Talk

Ringier phrases about defending Berlin made the headlines from NATO's Ministerial Council meeting in Paris last week. "We cannot abandon the 2,000,000 people of West Berlin," said NATO Secretary General Paul-Henri Spaak, "without preparing the way for surrender in Luxembourg, Denmark, Norway, Belgium and all the way across Europe."

On this the allies were agreed, and if they had little idea of what to do next, their unanimity was real. The West Germans quit believing that the British were a little too ready to negotiate with Russia; the British no longer thought that Chancellor Adenauer was being too rigid.

This unity achieved, the allies fell to arguing about matters on which they are more divided than united. There were many.

By the Numbers. Moving by the numbers, hat-changing ministers rushed from meetings of the Big Three to reconstitute themselves as The Four, The Six, The Eleven, The Fifteen, The Seventeen. They talked of defense shortcomings of economic welfare, of hangman's justice in Cyprus, and gun patrols off Iceland.

John Foster Dulles met for 90 minutes with Charles de Gaulle. The premier did most of the talking. Demanding a greater voice for France, De Gaulle declared that the West is "at war" with the "Russo-Sino bloc" on a global scale, and that the Big Three must have "organic consultation." De Gaulle asked why the U.S. had failed to support France in the U.N. vote on Algeria, which the French (and the French alone) consider a "flank of NATO." Dulles in general welcomed the idea of increased French participation in Western councils. But Italy's Premier Amintore Fanfani had hustled over to Bonn a few days earlier in an unsuccessful attempt to persuade Adenauer and Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano that other NATO powers would thus be downgraded. Nor are the British keen to include France in what they regard as a cozy Anglo-American partnership, want France to earn its right to Big Threehood.

Volkswagens & Hillmans. All week long the British seemed to consider De Gaulle's austere Hotel Matignon office as a fortress to be stormed. Cutting words crept into the conversation of British offi-



U.S.S. DULLES

cials over the alleged "obstinacy" of the general. The principal British complaint was economic. The British were furious about the Jan. 1 beginning of the European Common Market (France, Germany, Italy, Benelux), which leaves Britain outside.

After killing Britain's proposed Western European Free Trade Area (T.M.A. Dec. 1), the French had agreed to extend to outside nations the same 10% tariff cuts and 30% import quota increases promised to the members of the Common Market. This was as far as the protectionist-minded French intended to go. They would not grant to outsiders the Common Market provision to raise import quotas in each category to at least 3% of a nation's home production (which would allow a lot more German Volkswagens than

BRITAIN'S LLOYD



British Hillman Minxes into France). To the British charge of discrimination, the French replied that naturally there should be special club privileges for those who paid their dues.

Chide & Snap. In a heated exchange at a meeting of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, Sir David Eccles, Britain's handsome but haughty President of the Board of Trade, chided the French for failing to live up to their promise to liberalize trade with other OEEC members, threatened retaliation against France and its partners when the Common Market's restrictions begin. At this point French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville snapped that the British proposals were "entirely unacceptable"—and that the French were not going to negotiate in the presence of British threats.

Although West Germany's Ludwig Erhard appealed to France to talk "common sense" and realize that "Europe is in danger," Erhard's boss, Konrad Adenauer, is already committed to De Gaulle's position in the interest of a Franco-German entente. The Common Market partners might disagree with France, but in a showdown they stick with it.

Icebreaking. On two other issues plaguing the allies there were signs of compromise. Britain disputes Iceland's right to prohibit foreign fishing twelve miles offshore. Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd proposed to withdraw British naval vessels to waters outside Iceland's twelve-mile limit, and British travelers would fish only outside a six-mile limit, if Iceland's patrol vessels would themselves stay inside the six-mile limit. Iceland promised to think about it.

And for the first time in three years, the Foreign Ministers of Britain, Greece and Turkey sat down together to discuss the bitter Cyprus dispute. As a Greek suggestion that it would be useful to stay the death sentences of two Greek Cypriot terrorists, Britain issued a midnight reprieve. The 75-minute ministerial session proved both cordial and "useful," the British reported.

On these issues and others, the diplomats talked. They often did not agree, but they talked and listened, and this in itself was some gain.

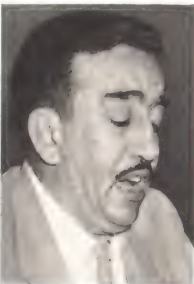
MIDDLE EAST Out of the Woodward

The day before the organized stoning of the U.S.'s William Rountree in Baghdad (see box), the Communist hierarchy in the Middle East met in Damascus, capital of Nasser's northern province of Syria. Arab Communists have become increasingly open in their defiance of Nasser. But they took a prudent step: they divided their Syrian and Lebanese apparatus, so that if either is broken up, the other will survive. The general party line laid down in Damascus last week is understood to have been decided at a conference in Tirana, Albania last October. It is to exploit their opportunity in Iraq by launching a propaganda drive for a confederation of

Arab states, as opposed to a Nasser-led united Arab nation.

Their best bet is now Iraq. They have two Communist parties at work there. One calls itself Shorsh, and works among the 1,000,000 Kurds in Iraq. It is led by the fabled Mullah Mustafa el Barzani, who returned from Russia last October to take command of the party's 2,000 members, and of the so-called Kurdish "army of liberation," pledged to carve a national home for 5,000,000 Kurds out of Turkish, Iranian and Iraqi territory.

Jail Training. The other Communist Party in Iraq works among the Arab majority and does very well. It put on last week's violent welcome for Rountree. Its membership is estimated at 7,000, including 5,000 released from Iraqi jails after



Camera Press—Pis
ARAB COMMUNIST BAKDASH
And what of Nasser?

last July's revolution. (Nuri as-Said's jails proved a fine recruiting and indoctrinating center.) Key figure in this organization is a shadowy, fiftyish figure known chiefly by the front name Abdul Aziz Sherif. Fleeing Iraq when the old regime tried to arrest him in 1950, he visited Moscow, Bucharest and then Sofia, where the top Middle East Communist, Turkey's Nazim Heikmet, operates. Sherif returned to Iraq last July. Since the Communist Party is nominally illegal in Iraq, Sherif heads a three-man politburo which calls itself the "Iraqi High Committee." The overall Communist boss inside the Arab world is Syria's Khaled Bakdash, whom Nasser let back into Syria last October as one payoff for his arms aid from Moscow.

Burning Question. In the five months since the Iraqi coup, the Communists have shown themselves the most tightly knit, best disciplined political outfit to emerge in Iraq's political chaos. They have infiltrated the police. To a lesser extent, they have penetrated the higher echelons of government and the army. At least one ranking official, Economics Min-

ister Ibrahim Kubah, talks like a Communist (he calls Red China the "focus of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment in our contemporary world"). The Communists control propaganda, dictating the tone of all Baghdad newspapers. They also control the streets, as last week's events in Baghdad showed. Pictures of Khrushchev have now begun to appear in windows beside those of Kassem.

The Communists show themselves to Kassem as Iraqi patriots who believe that Nasser wants to end Iraq's independence. Kassem, a politically unsophisticated soldier, is not generally regarded as Communist—although, as British Journalist Michael Adams points out, it could be risky to underestimate Kassem's powers of dissimulation, since he fooled the wary Nuri as-Said for all those years.

Special Silences. And what of Nasser? He had the Russian bear by the tail. Last week in Damascus, top Communist Bakdash openly defied President Nasser's ban on party agitation. "Give us back our democratic freedoms," he demanded in the newspaper *Al-Akhbar*; "... the right of the popular masses and other national forces to organize themselves politically in full freedom." Communist students clashed with Syrian nationalists in Damascus and Aleppo.

At long last, Nasser—the man who invited the Communists into the Middle East in the first place—seemed to have become disturbed by the Communist threat to his ambitions. He is still pathologically hostile to the West, and finds it hard to turn around because his pride is involved. But Nasser supporters now side up to American journalists to identify government ministers in Iraq as "Communists." Western specialists regard Nasser himself as deeply but, in the long run, not irretrievably committed to the Communists. In the short run, they think his hands are tied. A Russian mission in Cairo is keeping him dangling over how much responsibility they are willing to assume in building the Aswan High Dam. Some 20 shiploads of Soviet-bloc machinery and equipment vital to his industrialization plan are due in a few weeks. He dare's only hint at his peril.

"Oh my brothers," cried Cairo's Voice of the Arabs last week, "on the right there is imperialism, and on your left is also imperialism. You don't want to replace one camp with any other except the camp of Arabism." And Radio Damascus chimed in: "The left may have become more dangerous."

RED CHINA The Lonely Crowd

In Peking the practice of diplomacy is apt to be anything but diplomatic. In the eagerness of several Western nations to recognize Red China, the men who have had to pay the local price are the diplomats sent to Peking. It is a lonely life at best, but worst of all for The Netherlands' charge d'affaires.

One day last October two Chinese handymen refused to stoke the furnace in

AMERICAN IN DANGER

Top U.S. Envoy Hunted through Baghdad Streets

Cabled TIME Correspondent John Mecklin, after coming out of Baghdad last week:

IT IS the consensus among responsible American observers in Baghdad that Iraqi Communists deliberately planned—even if they did not bring off—the mob murder of U.S. Assistant Secretary of State William Rountree when he arrived last week on his fact-finding tour. It is also clear that the revolutionary government of Brigadier General Abdul Karim Kassem knew this and was unwilling, or unable, to prevent it.

In the days preceding his visit, every Baghdad newspaper attacked Rountree as "the envoy of evil and plots." A party-line newspaper cried that "the Iraqi people will not permit the American envoy to enter their country." The Communist-front Peace Partisans fervidly appealed "to our peace-loving masses to vigorously condemn this emissary of imperialism and Zionism." Since no country outside the Soviet bloc has a tighter press control than Iraq, U.S. Ambassador Waldemar Galtman formally asked the Iraqi Foreign Ministry if it still wanted Rountree to visit Baghdad. The answer was yes, and the newspaper attacks were explained away on the grounds of a "free" press.

Chants and Stickers

The morning of Rountree's arrival, high school teachers dismissed classes, told their students to go out to the airport. Communist leaflets urging a "mass protest" fluttered through the city's streets. As U.S. Chargé d'Affaires David Fritzman drove to the airport in a black embassy Cadillac flying the American flag, he found that last quarter-mile of his route clogged with people chanting in English: "Rountree, go home!" At the air terminal, a milling crowd of several thousand brushed aside the ineffectual police and troops to plaster the car with go-home stickers. Mob leaders were even allowed up on the terminal roof to direct the mob.

As Envoy Rountree stepped from the Iraqi Airways Viscount that had brought him from Cairo, the only government official to meet him was a lowly Foreign Ministry protocol officer. Fritzman bundled Rountree into his car, and with quick presence of mind ordered the Iraqi driver to leave the airport by a side gate, away from the main crowds. As the Iraqi protocol officer got into his own car to follow, he quipped nervously: "I hope the people understand I am not an American." The Cadillac exited to shouts of "Go Home, Rountree!" from Iraqi Airways mechanics around the plane.

Garbage and Mud

The mob was already redeploying. A paper bag full of garbage smashed against a side window just as Fritzman rolled it up. Tomatoes, eggs, handfuls of mud scooped up from the gutters splashed over the car. Fritzman told Rountree there were reports "that the price of tomatoes has gone up 20 fils [about 5¢] in anticipation of your arrival." It was not a very good joke, but white-faced, composed Bill Rountree smiled faintly.

The Cadillac sped through back streets and made it safely to the former Royal Palace, which now houses the Sovereignty Council. As protocol demanded, Rountree signed



ROUNTREE & WIFE IN WASHINGTON

the official visitor's book, but then both Americans made the error of lingering for a half-hour of coffee drinking and talk with junior officials. It was enough time for the mob leaders to shunt their hoodlums across town by truck. As Rountree and Fritzman left the palace, their car was nearly overwhelmed.

A boy sat on the hood, hammering on the windshield with his shoe. A large stone cracked the glass after the boy was pulled off. Again the car sliced through the crowd, was nearly cut off by a herd of cattle but, after colliding heavily with a cow, slipped past. All along the route to the embassy it was met by a barrage of mud, stones and assorted filth. Further back waved crudely lettered signs: "Go home, little dog Rountree." "Rontree, do not step on our beloved land with your bloody feet!" Waiting at the embassy gate was a truckload of mobsters

chanting, "Go home, Rountree . . . Go home, Rountree!"

Next day, while the newspapers gloated about Rountree's "fleeing from the crowds which came to receive him," the State Department envoy was scheduled to call on Iraq's head of state, General Kassem. The Iraqis sent an army station wagon and a jeepload of troops and—semi-secretly and with no flag flying—the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State was smuggled off to call on the Prime Minister of a supposedly friendly country. It was the only time he left the embassy in his two days in Iraq.

Kassem was amiable but hardly contrite. Over cigarettes and coffee he explained that "the people here are free to demonstrate their feelings," insisted they had nothing against Rountree personally but were simply expressing resentment of the U.S. built up over the years of the Nuri as-Said regime, which came to a bloody ending last summer. In turn, Rountree said the U.S. wanted friendly relations with Iraq and hoped that greater mutual confidence could be created. After exchanging platitudes for 90 minutes, Rountree left. Kassem's next visitor was the Soviet ambassador, who spent 45 minutes with the general in what was also described as "an atmosphere of friendship and cordiality" in Baghdad papers next day; on orders, each visit got equal space. Rountree left for Beirut that noon, a day early, after traveling to the airport in an unmarked car.

Hunted and Humiliated

There had only been shouts, stones and vulgar slogans, and the unusual spectacle of a high U.S. representative conducted about a Middle Eastern city like a hunted criminal. Yet, if Fritzman had followed the route from the airport that the mob had expected, the embassy car would certainly have been stopped, probably overturned and set afire, and the men inside could have been in gravest peril. If General Kassem had not wanted William Rountree humiliated or worse, he showed an inefficiency and stupidity not previously apparent in him.

U.S. officials in Baghdad swallowed their anger as best they could. They feel that nothing would have suited the Communists better than an unhappy incident—even Rountree's murder—which would have provoked an aroused U.S. into breaking off relations with Kassem. As U.S. representatives, they recognized the need to be there in Baghdad. But, understandably, they did not enjoy it.

the comfortable house of *Chargé d'Affaires* Berend Jan Slingenberg, unless they get higher wages or another man to help them. Slingenberg told them to fire up the furnace or get fired themselves. When they burst into his office to protest as he was busy with a caller, he angrily ordered them out of the office, and gave one a push. For two weeks nothing happened. Then, one by one, 42 Chinese servants and staffmen began to leave.

Soon there were none. The departures were obviously ordered by the Communists. But when the Dutch took their problem to the Foreign Office, they were firmly told that this was a matter for the state employment office. So sorry, said the state employment office, but this was the responsibility of the Foreign Office.

Grimly the three men in the Dutch compound now stoke their own furnace and chauffeur their limousines. The diplomats' ladies now do their own scrubbing, cooking and marketing. At first the Pakistani embassy gallantly offered to drive the Dutch children to the foreign colony's school, but after taking the youngsters once, retracted the offer lest it lose its own Chinese drivers. At another embassy a Chinese cook refused to bake a supply of cookies after he learned that a Dutchman was coming to dinner. Fearing that they too might get the treatment, foreign diplomats now tend to avoid the Dutch mission, which has become the loneliest diplomatic outpost in the world. Every fortnight or so The Hague gets a frantic cable from Slingenberg, protesting the circumstances. The Dutch, who see no way to help him out of his predicament, intend to leave him to his own devices until his transfer comes through next December.

FRANCE

First of the Fifth

The formality had to be observed, even though the outcome was never in doubt. Last week 81,500-odd "Grand Electors" of France—deputies, senators, mayors, deputy mayors, municipal councilors—elected the first President of the Fifth Republic. There were three candidates: an obscure Communist mayor, a Sorbonne dean, and Charles de Gaulle.

As chief of state, De Gaulle will be the direct successor to two Presidents of the Fourth Republic, two Emperors named Napoleon, 14 Presidents of the Third Republic (none now living), Vichy's Marshal Pétain, and a string of kings ranging in power from the glorious days of Louis XIV, the *Roi Soleil*, to the hunted 19th century time of Hugh Capet, the founder of the Capetian line, who scarcely dared stir out of Paris for fear of being trounced by the powerful Count of Flanders and the proud Duke of Normandy.

Of all France's Presidents, few have been more popular than the last President of the Fourth Republic, outgoing René Coty, who began moving his things out of the palace after his wife died in 1955; will need only a small truck to take away the rest of his books. Then Charles de Gaulle will begin his seven-year rule.

SPAIN

Case of the Fugitive Treasure

"If Franco could afford it politically," said an American businessman last summer, "he could throw a scandal that would make vicuña coats look tawdry." Last week Franco decided he had to afford it. A mass police roundup hit Spain, and this time the victims were not radical opponents, but some of the nation's biggest and richest names—bankers, industrialists, Cabinet ministers, even members of Franco's own family. Though details were carefully concealed from the public, the roundup was the climax of the most sensational financial scandal in the history of the regime. The crime common to all: setting up secret accounts overseas, amounting to at least \$380 million in Switzerland and to millions more in banks elsewhere.

The practice of banking hard money outside is an old one, and the Spanish government had tended to wink at the practice. Businessmen swore that they could not operate without external balances, and even some government agencies had undeclared accounts of their own. But Spain's sick economy has been going from bad to worse. In the first nine months of 1958 the country suffered a trade deficit of \$63 million. Its exports of citrus fruits are down more than 60%. It has so little left in gold reserves (\$57 million) that it cannot even scrape up enough money to pay for the crude petroleum it needs each year. Desperate for hard currency, and shocked by the size of the sums involved, Franco decided to get the fugitive capital back, no matter who might get hurt in the process.

Sign Here. For months, under the supervision of the Ministers of Commerce and the Interior, the police dug for evidence. One big break came when a secret

service agent managed to pry out of a Swiss bank the name of an official who regularly commutes to Spain to see his clients. Early this month the official was arrested while on one of his trips, and the police soon had enough information to swoop down upon the office of a notary public in Barcelona. There they found a list of 1,363 names, each accompanied by a secret account number.

Last week the Spanish borders were closed to all those named. A letter went out to each, inviting him to drop in at police headquarters at the earliest convenience. As the suspects arrived, each got two pieces of paper to sign. One contained the government's reckoning of his secret accounts, the other an agreement to bring the money home within 30 days. The police were always polite—but they were also deadly accurate. Said one man of his own account: "They had me down to my last centime."

No Favorites. To soften the blow a bit, the government offered a special rate of 57 pesetas to the dollar compared to the official rate of 42. But Franco seemed to be playing no favorites. Among those caught were such men as the powerful Conde de Arce, chairman of the Banco de Bilbao, and Juan March, one of the world's richest men. Also involved were Franco-sponsored organizations, such as the giant Instituto Nacional de Industria, which controls everything from airlines to steel mills.

The shock was not confined to Spain alone. Last week Franco's police arrested two Swiss bankers, one of whom is Joseph Rivera, Geneva director of the Société de Banque Suisse, the other a top, unnamed official of the Union de Banques Suisses. For Switzerland, whose banks have for so long prospered in peace or war (other people's wars) on the secret accounts of the high and mighty, Franco's arrest of Swiss bankers was a rude and unexpected blow. Said an official of Société de Banque Suisse: "We are taking a very serious view. The matter concerns all banks and our entire banking system."

INDIA

Bhoo dan & Gramdan

In India, where the symbolic gesture means so much, the 20th century last week sought out the old-fashioned ways. In his personal turbanop Viscount, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru flew 100 miles from New Delhi south to Ahmedabad. There he stepped into a red and cream Chevrolet convertible, rode 37 miles into the countryside and came to a stop in the dingy village of Gandag, a place so desolate that it specifically recalls Gandhi's bitter comment about India's "700,000 dungeons, known as villages."

Acknowledging the cheers of thousands of peasants who had come swarming into Gandag from 30 miles around, Nehru alighted from his car outside a yellow brick schoolhouse and strode up the gravel path to greet the man he had traveled this distance to see: Vinoba Bhave, a skinny, penniless oldster with sunken



Larry Burrows—Life
PRESIDENTS COTY & DE GAULLE
Up for a seven-year stretch.

cheeks, a wispy white mustache and beard (TIME Cover, May 11, 1953).

For two days the Prime Minister and the 63-year-old holy man talked together, made speeches to the crowds, walked side by side along dusty roads. Nehru's sophisticated aides, their minds on turbo-electric power, had once brushed off this holy man's ideas. But now Nehru needed Bhavé's help to find for India a way of raising food production and the peasant standard of living without using the coercion and brutality employed by Red China.

Refusing Landlords. Six years ago, Vinoba Bhavé and his followers vowed to collect 50 million acres of land from India's landlords by the simple process of "looting with love." Explained a disciple: "If in a village we find two landlords who refuse, we say we will not force you. Some day the light will dawn in your hearts. Until then, we would lay down our lives to protect your ownership."

So far, Bhavé has shamed and wheedled rich men into surrendering some 7,000,000 acres, but much of the land has proved barren and worthless, and other tracts are enmeshed in litigation. But Vinoba Bhavé has gained more than land: in a nation that can still be stirred by radically simple spiritual appeals, he has won the hearts of millions of crushed and simple peasants.

One Plus Zero. Nehru himself, whose dreams have always run to government-run industry, giant dams, and steel mills and machine-tool plants has come to realize that industrialization is being dragged to a full stop by the deadweight of the impoverished villages. He went to Gandad to dramatize his full backing of Bhavé's plans of *Bloodan* (gifts of land) and *Gramdan* (pooling of all community resources) in the hope that they will build a future of healthy peasant cooperatives. Speaking to audiences of thousands, as he walked from city to village to city, Bhavé expressed his ideas in mathematical terms, saying that the people represent 1 and the government 0. Separately, they could not achieve much, but put together they equal to India's achievement would be tenfold. Said Nehru: "The land problem is the main problem before us. Vinobaji says that private ownership of land must go. He is right. The land should belong to the community. But even that is not enough. The community must have the necessary organization to develop its economy." He exhorted the peasants to work harder, because "great nations like America and Russia" have progressed through the toil of their people. Then Nehru returned to his Viscount.

At 3 the following morning, under a starlit sky, Vinoba Bhavé's disciples rose quietly and loaded their meager belongings in a truck. Ninety minutes later, wearing a grandmotherly shawl over his dhoti, Bhavé marched briskly out of the schoolhouse and headed straight down the village road at a brisk pace, looking neither to right nor left. A man with a lantern raced ahead of Bhavé to light his way. Following after came some three dozen wraithlike women secretaries and



VINOBA BHAVÉ & JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
Out of the Viscount into the show.

Don Connery

husky disciples—including the barefoot son of a wealthy cotton-mill owner, a nephew of India's Finance Minister, and landowners who had joined Bhavé after giving away their estates. As the day slowly brightened, peasants began lining the road to greet Bhavé. Some decked him with garlands, others tried to touch him. Gently, Vinoba Bhavé discouraged such marks of devotion and walked straight on. His destination: all India. His hope: a saintly communism, achieved through love and nonviolence.

JAPAN

The Samurai's Grave

Trudging home at nightfall from a hard day's work in the provincial city of Hikari, laborer Nuburu Kawamura, 30, passed a group of giggling girls. Drawing closer, Kawamura saw that they were crowded around a thin, bearded fortune-teller who was reading their palms. On impulse, Kawamura got in line and, when his turn came, paid over the fee of 25¢.

Flood or Fire. What he wanted to know, said Kawamura, was why he had been haunted by bad luck since birth? "My parents died when I was a child: I have no living kin. I never met a girl who would marry me. I am being haunted, but I don't know what my crime has been." He poured out more of his woes: when he got a job, he was either fired or the company went bankrupt; when he tried to be a peddler, no one would buy his combs and bits of ribbon; he had failed as a vendor of hot potatoes. If people were catching cold, Kawamura sneezed before anyone else; if there was a typhoon, flood or fire, Kawamura's few possessions were the first to be destroyed. "Why does everything happen to me?" he moaned.

The fortuneteller studied Kawamura's palm, said gravely: "You are indeed ac-

cursed. But I can tell you how to end all your troubles. Go to the little field that lies outside your home. There you will find a neglected grave, the burial place of an ancient samurai. His spirit is angry and is taking revenge on the nearest living person, and that happens to be you. It is necessary that you appease him."

Nervously, Kawamura suggested it might be simpler to move away.

"Not so, not so," intoned the fortuneteller. "Now that the samurai's spirit has identified you with the neglect of his grave, you would be followed all over the world." He told Kawamura to clear away the earth and brambles from the tombstone, "then burn incense before it and pray. This will console the samurai."

Six-Foot Pit. Hurrying home to his tiny, rented straw-mat room in an overcrowded shack on the city's outskirts, Kawamura eagerly told his fellow tenants what he had learned. Sure enough, they remembered that there was an old tombstone in the field, so deeply buried that only its top showed above the earth. Nobody knew whose grave it was. It had always been there.

At dawn, dressed in his usual rags and with his long, uncut hair bound by a kerchief, Kawamura borrowed a spade and rushed into the field. Passersby paused to watch and to jeer and cheer him as he dug all morning long. It was a much bigger job than he had expected. By noon Kawamura had dug down 6 ft. of earth and uncovered one face of the tombstone—a massive slab 1 ft. thick and 4 ft. wide. Apparently bent on a rest, he started to clamber out of the 6-ft. pit. But, at just that moment, the huge gravestone toppled forward and crashed down on the luckless Kawamura. What the fortuneteller had prophesied had, in a fashion, come to pass: Kawamura's bad luck was at last at an end. He was dead.

PEOPLE

Steely-eyed customs lawmen at London Airport prodded the carphags of TV Horse Operator **Hugh (H'yott) Karpis O'Brien**, 201, neither whimper nor glare from the traveling guntooter as they took temporary custody of three Colt .45s, one 12-in. long-barreled Buntline Special, 850 rounds of blank ammunition. On hand to keep Britain's cowpoke fans in the saddle by starring in a wild West hootenanny, the frisked visitor jovially drawled an apology for appearing in grey flannel: "Shucks, I'd feel rather ridiculous riding around in the marshal's outfit."

For the 150th anniversary of the birth of **Abraham Lincoln**, President Eisenhower approved the first change in the penny's design since the Indian disappeared in 1909. By Feb. 12 the U.S. Mint will be well stocked with bright new copper coins. On the face will be the familiar, haggard profile. On the reverse side will be a new front view of the Lincoln Memorial, a rearrangement of the old words: "One Cent, United States of America," "E Pluribus Unum."

Churning out a verse for friends Christmas cards, Veteran Poet **Robert Frost**, 84, turned his still-sure ironic hand to musings on the afterlife, stubbornly concluded his six-stanza effort (*Acquainted with the Night*) with a sardonically Frosty threat.

*And I may return
By dissatisfied
With what I learn
From having died.*

With the frazzled stare of a gal who wants to wash that fiber right out of her hair, svelte Capital Hostess **Gwen Capritz** unwound herself after posing implausibly as Santa at a benefit. Supposedly



HOSTESS CAPRITZ
Out of her hair.

(UPI)

a surprise to the guests. Gwen's gambit had been detected by ear-to-the-martinet Columnist George Dixon, who ungalantly told all in the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald* the day before.

Happily home in Athens after two months of successful junketeering in the U.S., where she handled everything from White House luncheons and atomic-science briefings to roadside snacks, *viz.*, a prickly-pear cactus malted at the Grand Canyon, lively **Queen Frederika** of Greece graciously turned the other cheek for a warming buss from **King Paul**, who stayed put to mind the palace.

Nine years away from the West End stage, frolicsome Actress **Sarah Churchill** buckled down for her mantelshelf solo as



ACTRESS CHURCHILL
Up in the air.

(Kertham)

the protagonist in a forthcoming production of Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan*. At 44, comely Sarah will be one of the oldest of 12 London Peters (among them: **Elsa Lanchester**, **Edna Best**) to flit across the Darling's nursery, nonetheless seemed ready to navigate her nearly 800 yds. of flying weekly in the sentimental old wheeze. Sure to be on hand for the opening, her parents, **Sir Winston** and **Lady Churchill**, who booked eight seats.

Braving the wrath of a doting papa, heavyweight Wagnerian Diva **Helen Traubel** had some grim memories in the *Ladies' Home Journal's* about her three years (1948-51) as teacher to semi-retired soprano **Margaret Truman**. Not only was Margaret's voice "inexperienced and rather bad," said Traubel, but her own stature in the musical world went heavily down "for ever having my name connected with such a musical aspirant. My first, greatest and unconquerable dif-



Kertham

KING PAUL & QUEEN FREDERIKA
After the prickly-pear.

ficulty with Margaret's voice was simply keeping her on key. There simply was not enough of everything—or of anything—to make her really a concert or light-opera singer. She failed because she had no gift for self-criticism.

Back in Manhattan after finishing her first film role in two years (as a hip-rolling cutie in Director Billy Wilder's *Some Like It Hot*), distraught Cinematress **Marilyn Monroe** rested in seclusion from a bitter blow: only 103 months after doctors had removed an embryo by surgery to save her life (TIME, Aug. 12, 1957), a miscarriage had, after some three months, ended her latest try for motherhood.

To the graduating class of the R.A.F. College at Cranwell, England, Air Marshal **Sir Richard Atcherley**, chief of the service's flight training program, confided: "You are going to be passed out by a mountebank who never passed in." The Atcherley secret on their first try for Cranwell: Sir Richard and his twin brother David (killed in a 1952 air crash) flunked their physicals for weak eyes. David for a tricky kidney. Two months later they tried again. "In a contingency of this sort," said the marshal, "there are obvious advantages in being twins. So when we returned, with very little subtlety on our parts, the doctors got us completely mixed up. I passed in with flying colors on David's eyes, and he on the strength and quality of my—or—more vulgar but nonetheless useful contribution."

No teammates could help with key blocks, but Army's snively, scholarly All-American Halfback **Pete Dawkins** scored anyway. Superstar Dawkins, whose home is Royal Oak, Mich., was one of four from the Great Lakes area elected to the coveted Rhodes scholarships at Oxford, elatedly announced that he would study philosophy, politics, economics.



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RELIGION

Pope at Work

Surrounded by friends and family, Domenico Tardini, 70, received the Pope's messenger bringing him official notification of his elevation to the cardinalate. In his acceptance speech, the new Vatican Secretary of State recalled that he had refused a red hat from the late Pope Pius XII. Then he added, "The truth is, I wanted to be left in peace. Pope Pius never made anybody do or not do anything. But Pope John has said 'I wish it,' and I have to obey."

In addition to handing out 23 red hats—whose color, the Pope reminded the new cardinals, symbolized the wearers' faithfulness "even to the shedding of blood"—Pope John XXIII last week also:

¶ Appointed a new Apostolic Delegate to the U.S.—the Most Rev. Egidio Vagnozzi, 52, who has served as papal envoy to the Philippines since 1949. Archbishop Vagnozzi, the son of a Roman clerk spent virtually all his career in the Vatican diplomatic service, has also had experience in the U.S. as secretary to the Apostolic Delegation from 1932 to 1942. In the U.S. post, Vagnozzi succeeds Amleto Cardinal

Stritch, Milwaukee's new archbishop, 56, a native Chicagoan, was auxiliary to Cardinal Stritch from 1949 until 1952.

¶ Made a vigorous attack against anti-Catholic activities in China, and in his speech used the rare and uncompromising word schism ("It seems almost to burn our lips") to brand the activities of those collaborating bishops who are consecrating new bishops at the behest of the Communist government. Said Pope John: "If these, our afflicted children, are forced to undergo trials, tribulations and cruel hardships . . . let them remember and meditate that such is the price of our invincible Christian faith."

Home with them to their sees the new cardinals carried something besides their new red hats and rings. Each received a book of dos and don'ts for cardinals. Items: a cardinal's residence must be decorously furnished and must have an ample entrance, a throne room decorated with an oil painting of the reigning pontiff, a reception room and a chapel. Each cardinal must have a private means of transport, and should avoid public carriers such as streetcars, buses and taxis. He must not drive himself. If he goes out for a walk, he must be accompanied by a clergyman and must dress in black, without any visible insignia of his rank.

The Christ Doll & All

Religious groups throughout the U.S. report some success with their continued campaign to "put Christ back into Christmas." Manufacturers are only too glad to help, but the results can be odd. Some of the items offered for sale:

¶ Christ child doll—an unbreakable, washable, 9-in. model of the Christ child, packaged in a straw and satin crib with a picture of the Bethlehem manger and appropriate Biblical texts in either King James or Douay versions. Price: \$8.00. A "de luxe model with beautiful cathedral background" costs \$12.00. The Christ child doll has not been a conspicuous success, despite approval by both Protestant and Catholic authorities. A comparison shopper for Macy's in Kansas City reported excitedly that "the Jones Store has marked Jesus Christ down 50%!" Explained Macy's K.C. manager ruefully: "I guess mothers just feel their children shouldn't be dragging the Lord around the floor."

¶ "Chrismah" (contraction of Christmas and Chanukkah)—a watch-charm ornament combining the cross and the Star of David ("Symbolizes Unity of World's Religion"), advertised as "worn and cherished by people of all faiths . . . royalty, leading government officials, prominent businessmen, also movie, stage and TV stars." Price: \$1.00.

¶ Patron Saint of TV—a lamp combined with a ceramic statue of St. Clare of Assisi, declared patroness of television last year by Pope Pius XII—"a welcome source of inspiration . . . just right for the top of your TV set." Price: \$9.50.

¶ Medal for Admen—bearing a bas-relief of St. Bernardino, and advertised in *The New Yorker*. "A new patron saint has been appointed! Henceforth St. Bernardino* of Siena will keep a special eye on advertisers: publicists and public relations experts . . . For anyone engaged in these professions, it's a perfect gift." Price: \$35.

¶ Biblical Playing Cards—"bring romance and color of the Bible to the card pack. Old Testament personalities substitute for Kings, Queens, Jacks." Price: \$2.60.

Readers of some Roman Catholic magazines were encouraged to buy a "Little



TOY JESUS & ADMIRER
Also a 'Chrismah' for a dollar.

Nun" or a "Little Priest" in 40- or 45-in. sizes, each \$8.95. "Watch," says the ad, "how [children] will assume the quiet dignity of those who have dedicated their lives to the Church." But Christianity's smash commercial success is a song, composed by Disk Jockey George Donald McGraw, 30, of Salem, Va., who got tired of hearing "songs about funny animals, Santa Claus and filter cigarettes" at Christmastime and decided that "everybody was kind of starved for something real sincere." The something Deejay McGraw provided and had sung in untouched hillbilly by the eight-year-old daughter of a friend is selling platters from Albany to Atlanta. Excerpts:

*Happy Birthday, Jesus,
Mamma said that you was near,
And that you had a birthday
This time every year . . .*

*She explained how bad they hurt you
Those awful naughty men
But that you let them do it
For girls like me what sin.*

* St. Bernardino (1380-1444), famed for his dynamic oratory, used the hard sell to inspire a more fervent faith in his listeners. St. Clare (1194-1253) lying ill in her convent on Christmas Eve, is said to have seen and heard a midnight Mass being celebrated two miles away.



JOHN XXIII & CARDINAL O'HARA
Also a book of dos and don'ts.

Cicognani, whose new duties include posts in three of the Sacred Congregations.

¶ Appointed Bishop John Francis Dearden of Pittsburgh archbishop of Detroit to succeed the late Edward Cardinal Mooney, who died in Rome a few hours before the consistory that elected Pope John (TIME, Nov. 2). Rhode Island-born Archbishop Dearden, 51, completed his studies for the priesthood in Rome, served as rector of St. Mary's Seminary in Cleveland before going to Pittsburgh.

¶ Appointed Bishop William E. Cousins of Peoria, Ill. archbishop of Milwaukee to replace Archbishop Albert G. Meyer, who was transferred to Chicago (TIME, Oct. 6) to succeed the late Samuel Cardinal

MEDICINE

Psychiatry & Being

When I consider the brief span of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and behind it, the small space that I fill, or even see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of spaces which I know not, and which know not me, I am afraid, and wonder to see myself here rather than there; for there is no reason why I should be here rather than there, now rather than then.

—Pascal: *Pensées* (circa 1656)

It was a regular quarterly meeting of the Connecticut Society for Psychiatry and Neurology, which usually attracts an attendance of about 60. But the 220 seats in Fitkin Amphitheater at Grace-New Haven Community Hospital were nothing like enough: eager auditors overflowed onto the floor and sat literally at the speaker's feet; standees jammed the back of the hall, an anteroom and stairways. The word they had come to hear was entitled "Contributions of Existential Psychoanalysis." The speaker: Manhattan's Psychoanalyst Rollo May. His audience included, besides the association's hard core of psychiatrists, many members of Yale's faculties of psychiatry, psychology, philosophy and divinity, and enough students to make up the overflow.

What happened in New Haven was typical of what has been happening in several U.S. academic centers since June, when a massive (445 pp.) tome appeared under the title *Existence: A New Dimension in Psychiatry and Psychology* (Basic Books; \$7.50). Rollo May is chief editor, and sums up the origins and distinctive features of existential psychotherapy. Sales are now around the 12,000 mark and continuing briskly. In September came *Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy* (Doubleday; \$5), by New York University's Professor William Barrett—the most lucid exposition of the subject yet to appear in English. Between them, these books have sharply increased U.S. interest in existentialism, and especially its use in psychotherapy.

Oedipus Recapped. Dr. May explained to his skeptical audience why he—and growing numbers of analysts in Europe and the U.S.—feel that a new approach, but not a new school, is needed. Trouble with previous analytic or "depth psychology" schools, he argued, is that they fail to get to the root of the problems that send patients to analysts nowadays. Thus both scientific progress and improvements in treatment are blocked. May & Co. are convinced that when conventional analytic treatment appears to effect a cure, in all probability something has been going on inside the patient that was different from what the analyst believed.

For sharpest illustration of the difference between the existential and earlier approaches, Dr. May took the well-worn Oedipus situation and recapped it. To

Freud, Oedipus meant that a child has a sexual attraction to the parent of the opposite sex; as a result, the child experiences guilt, fear of the other parent, and (in boys) castration anxiety. In Freudian and descendent schools in the U.S., the patient is helped to accept the idea that such transitory feelings are normal and natural, so he is relieved of his guilt and anxiety.

Although the prevailing U.S. attitude to Oedipal situations is superficially true to Freud, Dr. May noted an important subsurface difference: it lacks the tragic



Ben Martin

PSYCHOANALYST MAY
In the awareness of non-existence . . .

element that Freud saw in father-son hostility and rivalry.

But while granting that Freud preserved the classical tragic element, Dr. May argued that his explanation of the Greek legend was wrong. In existential analysis, Sophocles' drama is construed as not primarily concerned with Oedipus' sexual problems—having killed his father and married his mother. The real issue is whether Oedipus will recognize what he has done—face the unbearable truth about himself. Dr. May quoted Tiresias: "How terrible it is to know . . ." And Jocasta: "Don't seek it! . . . Wretch, what thou art O might'st thou never know." But Oedipus insists: "Break out what will, I shall not hesitate . . . I must hear, no less." And when he learns the awful truth, the significant thing to Dr. May is that Oedipus cuts out his eyes, the organ of seeing, not of sex: "The drama is the tragedy of seeing truth . . . the tragedy of self-knowledge, self-consciousness."

Strong Undercurrent. Most of Dr. May's eager listeners had attended more out of curiosity than conviction. Said an expert afterward: "For the most part they

didn't agree and weren't converted." To May this was neither surprise nor disappointment. Many therapists of traditional schools, if they do not dismiss existential analysis as incomprehensible, maintain that it is nothing new and that they are already practicing it. Some are, May concedes, but it is their individual "added value." So far, to the great satisfaction of its proponents, the trend toward existential analysis in the U.S. is only a strong undercurrent among the serious-minded. There is no sign that it will become a frothy success like Freudian analysis or hula hoops. Most emphatically, such men as May and Barrett distinguish it from the so-called existentialist craze that swept the Left Bank *beatniks* under the inspiration of Jean-Paul Sartre a decade ago. To them Sartre is an embarrassment. The existential analysis advocated by Sartre is not the father of today's movement and has little kinship with it.

One good reason why existentialism, properly defined, is unlikely ever to become a popular fad is that any understanding of it requires the most rigorous intellectual exercise. While it sets great store by reality, it is built of necessity upon the intangible concept of being. Although there has long been a science of being (ontology), there is no definition of being or existence that conveys any added information about it. Most pillars of existentialism therefore content themselves with saying that being or existence is such a fundamental concept that it cannot be defined—but is universally recognized.

Believers & Atheists. Existentialists find themselves in head-on collision with the most widely accepted tenets of many great philosophers—Plato, Descartes, Kant, Spinoza and Hegel. Their particular enemy is Hegel, for his insistence that all reality can be encompassed in a rational structure. It was this that inspired the melancholy Dane, Søren Kierkegaard (1813-55), to raise the flag of philosophic revolt against all purely rationalist and positivist systems, and to declare that reality and truth are within man himself and his actions, whether they be rational or no. Kierkegaard argued that the central, all-important fact about man is the simplest one: his existence. But because man is the only creature who is self-conscious (in the literal sense, "conscious of himself"), he is the only one who can be consciously aware of his existence. From this flows the corollary: he thus becomes aware of the possibility of non-existence. And from this comes anxiety.

Ironically, the second of existentialism's classical heroes is an antithesis of passionately Christian Kierkegaard—the prophet Friedrich Nietzsche, who proclaimed that "God is dead." It is characteristic of the lack of crystallized structure in modern existentialism that its adherents include both Christians and atheists. Also, that although its practitioners in psychotherapy readily admit their debt to recent and contemporary philosophers (notably, Henri Bergson and the phenomenologists, Edmund Husserl and Martin Heidegger),

most of the pioneers began working out an existential approach independently of one another and while still ignorant of its philosophical bases.

The "Here & Now." Spontaneously and almost simultaneously, Psychiatrists Eugene Minkowski in Paris, Erwin W. Straus (now settled in Lexington, Ky.), Baron Viktor von Gebsattel and Karl Jaspers in Germany and Ludwig Binswanger in Switzerland began applying what are now rated as phenomenological and existential principles to psychiatry. The influence spread from these elders to young psychiatrists in training, Binswanger and others named their method *Daseinsanalyse*, from Heidegger's term for existence. *Dasein* (translated as "being here and now"). The new approach was not formalized in a new school, designed to supplant earlier "depth psychology" methods, but permeated many of them. Though its greatest acceptance came among eclectics (no particular school), it has been taken up by many Freudians and some Jungians and Adlerians, and recently in the U.S. by followers of Karen Horney, Harry Stack Sullivan and Erich Fromm.

So subtle was the spread of existential thinking in psychotherapy that for a quarter-century it made no mark in the English-speaking world. The most eminent Freudians in Britain today still haughtily deny that they ever heard of it—a pose difficult to maintain in view of the fact that the International Congress of Psychotherapy at Barcelona in September was centered on existential analysis. At this meeting Dr. May explained why its influence in the U.S. has so far been negligible. A pragmatic tradition tracing back to frontier days, he contended has made Americans a nation of doers, suspicious of theorizing or abstract speculation. But just beneath the conscious surface, Dr. May saw in the American character a rich subsoil of concern for "knowing by doing." This brought him around to Kierkegaard, who proclaimed: "Truth exists for the individual only as he himself produces it in action."

The U.S., said Dr. May, has fallen particular prey to "Western man's preoccupation with mechanistic methods, his apothecosis of technique." For technique, worshiped as a way of controlling nature, has led to "the corollary need to see human personality as an object of control like the rest of nature." And the availability of techniques for an infinite variety of purposes has resulted in neurotic activity, "keeping busy" for its own sake, because "to do is often easier, and may allay anxiety more quickly, than to be."

New Dimension. Ohio-born Dr. May, 49, a fellow of Manhattan's cumbrously named William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis and Psychology, got his Ph.D. from Columbia with a now classic thesis, *The Meaning of Anxiety*. He followed it with the more popular *Man's Search for Himself*, published in 1953. Already applying existential principles in his practice, he then learned what European analysts were do-

ing, began working on *Existence*. Meanwhile, the confluence of German and Swiss *Daseinsanalyse* with a more literally existential school developed in Spain, France and Vienna led to the omnibus *Barcelona Congress*.

Existentialism is not used directly as a philosophy in helping patients, says May, but serves as a foundation for psychologists to construct a broader base for their science and thus to understand man more intimately. In his theoretical view, this means introducing a new dimension—ontology. But to the patient undergoing treatment, one of the biggest differences is in the therapist's attitude to anxiety and guilt. In older, conventional psychology



Philosopher Kierkegaard
... the seeds of anxiety?

and psychiatry, says May, there was no place for really fundamental anxiety—about such basic issues as being and non-being—and there was no way to treat it. Most anxiety was assumed to be neurotic and the result of emotional injury or repression of instincts, which led to a blockage of the patient's capacities for fulfillment in work or in life generally. This was most obviously true in the case of unconscious repression of sexual urges, such as Freud described, and could be effectively treated by uncovering the unconscious through analysis.

But by the 1930s, May holds, there was not so much of this sex-based anxiety, especially in the U.S., and neurotic anxiety then seemed to stem mainly from repressed hostility. Since World War II, Dr. May contends, there has been another change: most of the anxiety that he sees in practice comes not from repression of instinctual drives, but from the fact that too many people feel that life has lost its meaning for them. This, he argued, brings normal, "existential" anxiety to the surface. Nowadays, when people first sense this normal anxiety, they may still repress

it, and consequently develop an ultra-modern form of neurotic anxiety with symptoms of depression, blocking in regard to work, despair and melancholy summed up in the cry: "What I do isn't worth anything." The trouble lies, says May, in dammed-up potentialities rather than repressed instincts.

Drama v. Diffusion. In the U.S. the symptoms are less dramatic and more diffuse than in Europe. In Dr. May's practice with Manhattan professional workers and exurbanite brokers and industrialists, the symptoms may be nothing more pronounced than an exaggeration of the normal routine. Wall Street and Madison Avenue, he believes, require compulsive characteristics for success. The man who succeeds in these fields, becoming a slave to routine and conformity, gets nervous when the daily cycle is broken—which explains why he drinks so much on Sundays and holidays.

A typical patient in May's practice is a businessman who has risen rapidly to success, made much money, is intelligent and works hard but is running on an accelerating treadmill. The first sign of his illness is increasing anxiety when the compulsive routine is disturbed, and he soon feels guilty because he is "not working well enough," starts to worry inordinately about details, stuffs his pockets with memos. He cannot take a real vacation. He is a perfectionist—and rigid perfectionism is viewed as a symptom of unconscious guilt. By now, the businessman has something to feel guilty about, he has neglected his family, he feels isolated from his fellow men (especially subordinates), and he gets in a panic because he feels unable to love.

At this point, says May, the U.S. tycoon is likely to crack up with a psychosomatic heart attack. In fact, psychoanalysts contend that practically any part of the body can be a target for the psyche's anxiety and despair.

Mon in His Entirety. Americans, says May, use perpetual work as a defense against existential anxiety. They cannot face life itself because life as such has lost its meaning. In the U.S. this dependency has been sharply intensified by the realization that a hydrogen-bomb war could wipe out all life: so the threat of it brings every man abruptly face to face with Kierkegaard's non-existence and Sartre's nothingness.

To May and like-minded therapists, Freud's view of "natural man," moved by instinctual forces, is an essential element of the truth, but still inadequate. The view of man as a social creature, advanced by Sullivan and Karen Horney, adds a second dimension—but still not enough. For a full understanding, and hence for successful psychotherapy, they hold that man must be seen in his entirety, in the light of his self-consciousness, his imagination, his creativity, and his unique ability to see himself as a finite creature, poised on the brink of nothingness—as Pascal put it, "here rather than there, now rather than then."



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SCIENCE

Atlas in Orbit

The Atlas that went into orbit (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) is technically called a 1½-stage rocket—a single engine plus ground-fired boosters. When its two booster engines stop firing, the main body, propelled by the central sustainer engine, flies out of the short cylindrical after-section that carries the boosters (see diagram). With the boosters gone, the sustainer engine has less dead weight to carry into space. In this particular model, the sustainer was designed to burn 1½ seconds longer than in the regular models. Without this extra thrust, needed to put the Atlas into orbit, it would have plunged into the Atlantic 6,000 miles from Cape Canaveral.

Like other Atlases, this one was guided by a wondrously sophisticated ground computer. Before blast-off, the Atlas' internal guidance mechanism was instructed to follow a programmed course. As it rose, the Atlas reported by radio on how it was doing. Digesting this information almost instantly, the ground computer radioed back to the Atlas the proper corrections for making its actual course conform to the programmed one. These course corrections were made by controllable vernier rockets and slight changes of the direction in the thrust of the main engine. When the Atlas had climbed above nearly all of the atmosphere, the computer told it to turn its nose parallel to the earth's surface. Other U.S. satellites were kicked into orbit by firing a final rocket from the ground at a calculated altitude. Atlas was the first satellite to be steered along the whole flight with the same engine, thus marked a major advance in controlled flight of ballistic missiles.

Sputnik Rivals. The Atlas, with its nearly 4½ tons, was widely hailed as the heaviest object to be put in orbit, but the Russians were quick to put in a counterclaim. Leonid Sedov, often an official spokesman for Soviet missilemen, declared that each of the three Soviet carrier rockets that orbited the earth weighed considerably more. These weights are not known accurately outside Russia, since the Russians maintain that only the instrument payload is important. The payload of the dog-carrying Sputnik II (instruments, dog, transmitter, etc.) weighed 1,120 lbs., vs. the Atlas' 200 lbs. Sputnik III's payload weighed 2,134 lbs.

If not the heaviest, Atlas is probably the biggest object that has orbited. Overall, it is 85 ft. long, 10 ft. in diameter. It is a delicate beast. Its main body is a fuel tank of bubble-thin metal. This bulk makes it easy to see, but it also creates atmospheric drag. For this reason, its estimated life is only 30 days.

Most exotic cargo aboard the Atlas are two recorder-transmitters. Carried in a special pod on the rocket's side, the instruments weigh an estimated 20 lbs. each, are capable of receiving, recording, and rebroadcasting messages on signal

from the ground. President Eisenhower's voice, recorded on tape ahead of time, was sent up in the instrument package. After the Atlas made twelve trips around the earth, a radio station at Cape Canaveral gave it a coded signal that triggered one of its transmitters. Down from space came the President's message, scratchy but intelligible.

For more than a day the Atlas stayed too far from the U.S. for further experiments. Then it passed near a tracking station in California, which first tried to extract from it a second broadcast of Eisenhower's voice. The satellite tried to comply, but reception was poor. The station then radioed a signal that told the satel-

lite to record a fresh message. The satellite obeyed, making a tape of a Teletype version of President Eisenhower's message. As it swept eastward at 17,000 m.p.h., a station in Texas gave it the playback signal. Down from space came the message recorded a few minutes earlier over California.

Next time around, the full experiment worked. On command, the satellite erased the Teletype message and recorded a voice message: "This is Prado Dam, United States Army Signal Research and Development Laboratory, Corona, Calif. We are transmitting the President's message . . ." Queried by the tracking station in Texas, the satellite repeated the message "loud and clear."

The experiment proved that men on earth will be able to talk to men in space



vehicles of the future. Looking confidently ahead, Defense officials declare that even this huge achievement is "as primitive as a baby's first words." Future satellites will be able to carry far more intricate electronic gear, may provide many circuits for telephone and even television transmissions around the shrinking world.

When the World Began

One of the most profound questions that scientists can ask is: "How did the universe begin?" Last week British Radio-Astronomer A.C.B. Lovell of the University of Manchester predicted that within a few years the new giant radio telescopes, which enable man to probe far deeper into interstellar space than the biggest optical telescope, will provide some sort of an answer. Astronomer Lovell is director of the radio telescope at Jodrell Bank, England, whose massive, 250-ft. wire-dish antenna makes it the world's biggest.

Hypothesis I. There are two major competing theories about the universe's origin, he explained. "Evolutionary" theory holds that all the matter that now exists was once concentrated in a single mass that may have been no bigger than the earth's orbit. This "primeval atom," whose density must have been something like 2 billion tons per cubic inch, disintegrated 20 to 60 billion years ago. Its matter turned into hot, rapidly expanding gas, and stayed in this condition until about 9 billion years ago. Then the gas began to condense into the billions of galaxies, each containing billions of stars, that make up the present-day universe.

About the same time, a mysterious, repellent force—a kind of anti-gravity that works only when objects are separated by very great distances—took hold of the galaxies and made them fly away from one another. This is what they are doing still. The most distant ones that can be seen with the 200-in. Palomar Mountain telescope are moving away from the earth at 37,000 miles per second or about one-fifth the speed of light.

The evolutionary theory is generally credited to the Abbé Georges Lemaitre, a Belgian priest. "For him," said Dr. Lovell, "and for all who associate their universe with God, the creation of the primeval atom was a divine act outside the limits of scientific knowledge and indeed of scientific investigation." Some of Lemaitre's nonreligious disciples think otherwise. Cosmographer George Gamov of the University of Colorado believes that the primeval atom was not an ultimate beginning but "merely a state of maximum contraction of a universe that had previously existed for an eternity of time." A semi-mystical attitude is that not only space but also time itself began with the primeval atom; to ask what came before it is therefore pointless.

Hypothesis II. The second theory is known as "the steady state universe." It holds that matter is still being mysteriously created in the form of hydrogen gas. Matter appears at the rate of a few atoms per year in each cubic mile of space. As

the galaxies fly apart, new galaxies form out of fresh hydrogen in the widening gaps between them. These galaxies in turn grow old, fly apart and leave the space between them free for the formation of another generation.

By evolutionary theory, the universe should contain an unchanging amount of material. Consequently, it must be thinning out as it grows older and its galaxies fly farther and farther apart. The steady state universe will not thin out. Ten billion years ahead, it should look much as it does now, with galaxies sprinkled sparsely through space at the same average density.

The only way to determine how the universe is developing is to study how it has developed in the past. Astronomers look backward in time by looking outward in space. The best optical telescope can see galaxies that are 2 billion light-years away, i.e., with light that left them (at a travel speed of 186,300 miles per second) when they were 2 billion years younger than they are now. But 2 billion years is a comparatively short backward leap into the cosmic past, does not reveal enough evidence of change to prove or disprove either theory.

Radio Breakthrough. Radio astronomy, said Professor Lovell, promises to break this deadlock. Already the great radio telescopes can detect colliding galaxies (which give off powerful radio waves) at distances much greater than can be reached by an optical telescope. In a few years, improved vision should enable cosmographers to peer so far into space (or back into time) that they will be able to tell which kind of universe they are looking at.

The decision will be made by taking a galaxy census in a large chunk of space so distant that the galaxies in it are seen on earth as they were 5 or 6 billion years ago. If the galaxies prove to be crowded closer together than they are in the section of space near the earth, the primeval atom will have won the contest—since, according to the cosmic evolutionary theory, the universe was much smaller 6 billion years ago and its galaxies were therefore closer together.

But if the radio telescopes find that such remote galaxies are no more closely crowded together than those nearer and more recent than the earth, the proponents of the steady state universe will be proved right. For steady state theory holds that the universe's matter was no more concentrated then than it is now. Its stars and galaxies change and develop, but the universe as a whole does not grow old. It had no beginning and will have no end, either in time or space.

Even the answer will leave a further mystery. Dr. Lovell admits. A universe that is still being created and that had no beginning is as hard to understand as one that "began" with a primeval atom. Creation, all at once or bit by bit, seems equally hard for scientific theory to handle. "Any cosmology," Dr. Lovell says, "must eventually move over into metaphysics."

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ART



LYONEL FEININGER'S "PINK SKY," 1909

FEININGER'S "REGATTA," 1941



EXACT FANTASIST

ALTHOUGH he spent most of his life in Germany, Lyonel Feininger framed and shaped his art in America. The son of a German concert violinist, Feininger was born and brought up in Manhattan. Among his earliest memories was that of seeing stripe-suited prisoners marching in lock step on Blackwell's (now Welfare) Island. "This made a wretched impression on me," he recalled. "I took to drawing ghosts for a while and this may have laid the foundation for my fantastic figures and caricatures."

When he was 16, Feininger went to Europe to study music. Soon he switched to art and landed a long-distance job with the Chicago *Sunday Tribune*, drawing two comics of his own invention *The Kinder-Kids* and *Wee Willie Winkie's World*. These light-footed and sad-eyed fantasies led to his first serious paintings such as *Pink Sky* (see cover).

Later while teaching at Walter Gropius' Bauhaus in Germany, another childhood influence returned to shape the major part of Feininger's art: it was his passion for American precision as expressed in Manhattan's illimitable grid of straight streets, its now-vanished glacial New York Central trains with diamond-shaped smokestack and steam domes of polished brass and Hudson River sidewheelers and yachts of which he used to build faithful models. There, working side by side with fellow fantasists, topped by Paul Klee and fellow precisionists, notably Josef Albers, Fein-



SARASOTA'S WING-ROOFED ALTA VISTA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

ninger evolved the weird, airy, many-faceted style that is his own.

When Hitler closed the Bauhaus in 1933, Feininger at last came home to Manhattan to sail his model boats on the pond in Central Park as he had as a boy, and to paint in the midst of war the most joyful canvases of his career. The school-of-Paris cubism he brought back with him helped free his individual genius: he took cubism out of doors, to church and to the beach, using it to animate a vista with the intricate counterpoint of a Bach fugue. *Regatta*, which seems as much like the gates of paradise as *Pink Sky* is like the gates of hell, is a sparkling example.

Three years ago (at 84) Feininger died. His reputation has since been climbing without him, and will probably keep climbing for some time to come. The Cleveland Museum of Art is now assembling a huge retrospective exhibition of Feininger's life work, which will tour the U.S. and Europe for the next two years.

Sarasota Success Story

When Philip Hanson Hiss, 48, settled down to the real estate business in booming Sarasota, Fla. (pop. 45,000), he quickly established a reputation for being a dandyman with the loudest mouth around. What Hiss found to shout about was the school building program. Says he: "When I got the facts I went wild. Some of the schools were downright unsanitary. The rest rooms were so bad the kids wouldn't even go to the bathroom. And the curriculum was just as bad." In 1953 a friend jokingly challenged him to run for the school board. A self-styled Renaissance man who never went beyond prep school (Choate), Hiss took the dare, to his surprise wound up as the first Republican elected to the school board since Reconstruction days.

Crusader Hiss' first had to take his lumps. He got nine out-of-town architects to submit plans, saw them turned down cold because the plans smacked of "progressive education." But Hiss kept fighting for good design, pointed out that the cheapest schools run up the highest main-

tenance costs. The next year he won his first round, M.I.T.-educated Architect William Zimmerman of Sarasota, 42, got the job of designing the twelve-classroom Brookside Junior High School. Zimmerman proceeded to divide his project into a campus of long, low-slung buildings attached to a central triangular walk. He installed floor-to-ceiling school windows, protected by an 8-ft. overhang to keep sun from desks. But what wowed the school board was that the building came in \$40,000 under the estimate. "When they saw the building they were completely sold," says Hiss triumphantly. "Their minds had been closed since the age of seven. I finally got them sane. After that, I felt like Machiavelli's brother. It was like taking candy from a baby."

The school board then adopted a hands-off attitude that challenged the architects to do their best. Result: Sarasota schools, once a collection of piano crates and grim barracks, are now a showcase of school architecture. Among Sarasota's best:

¶ Alta Vista Elementary School, a twelve-classroom, \$154,213 addition designed by Sarasota's Harvard-trained Victor Lundy, 35, with laminated-wood beams and arches supporting a butterfly roof that cantilevers out 18 ft.

¶ Venice Junior High School, a \$548,213 building for 450 pupils, an uncompromisingly modular steel, concrete and glass campus plan that Architects John Crowell of Sarasota, 43, and Mark Hampton of Tampa, 35, thought would best adjust to the changing demands of function. Colored panels and waffle-grid roof lighten the heavy industrial look.

¶ Riverview Junior-Senior High School, a 24-classroom, \$1,204,945, two-story building by Yale's Architecture Department Chairman Paul Rudolph, 40. Built round a central courtyard Rudolph's school uses exposed steel and white brick, copious canopies for sunshade.

With four brand-new schools opened this term, Sarasota is sure it can top any community in the U.S. in school architecture. But for Yankee Hiss, biggest kick was to see truancy drastically cut. Says he proudly: "That's one happy result of decent architecture—the kids actually enjoy going to school now."



FEININGER IN CENTRAL PARK (1951)

© Mazer Hiss is a third cousin.

SHOW BUSINESS

NIGHTCLUBS

Grimy Tams

Under the spotlight, her thin, sharp face and the moody glower of an unsuccessful anarchist. Her lank, hemp-colored hair ashen in unbecoming confusion above her cracked velvet sheath. But weird as she looked, slack-mouthed, hazel-eyed Singer Tammy Grimes sounded wonderful—no an accomplishment in the cramped quarters of Julius Monk's Downstairs at the Upstairs, a crowded Manhattan nightclub where the man who moves may catch a neighbor's elbow in his ear or his companion's highball in his lap.

On the very first night that she appeared Downstairs this month, one of Tammy's fancier fans followed her cautiously into her dank basement dressing room and asked modestly, "Would you read a script of mine?" The faith maintained her poise in the face of Mel Coward, managed to say: "I'd like it." A couple of days later, after a tentative reading, the cleft-chinned Lorelei of the West Fifties was signed for the lead in Coward's new comedy, *Look After Lulu*, to open in late February.

Bang, Bang, Bang. Tammy Grimes—because of her disheveled appearance (sometimes known as Grimy Tams)—insists that "nightclub singing is the hardest thing in the world to do." She makes it look like the easiest, as she concocts a faithful chant out of Oscar Levant's *Blume on my Youth*, throbs through *Limelight Blues*, races with a fine, light lilt through *The Springtime Cometh*, a take-off on an old English madrigal ("Gaily pipeth, nylon rippeth, zipper zippeth, oop-de-do, which is to say, the springtime cometh"). For Cole Porter's urbane lyrics, her precise, finishing-school intonation provides just the right sophistication. At 17, Boston-bred Tammy came out at Brookline, Mass., Country Club, "All see other debs look exactly alike," says she. "And all of them knit." It seems a shame to Tammy that people can no longer like F. Scott Fitzgerald's flappers, bang, bang, bang, without worrying how will all come out. The trouble is, she explains, that "people are so wriggly about things. I don't say I was naughty. I've been in swimming pools that don't have any water in them."

Really Faithful. Out of the swimming pools, Tammy went to New York: studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and spent years playing in somber epics, including *Mourning Becomes Electro*. Tammy and a other acting bits kept Tammy going until 1954, when she met and later married Canada-born Actor Christopher Plummer, now starring in Archibald MacLeish's play *J.B.* At the time, Tammy was working in the box office at the Westport (Conn.) Playhouse, "They fired me," she says, "because I lost them \$500 giving away free passes." (The habit still afflicts her. At the Downstairs she is apt to answer the telephone outside her dressing room with a cheery "Yes, of course. Six

for New Year's Eve. And remember, there's no minimum.")

When Julius Monk hired Tammy this winter, her stage career had hit one more roadblock: she had just been turned down as understudy to Rosemary Harris, the Zelda Fitzgerald of the jazz age saga *The Disenchanted* (TIME, Dec. 15). If she could not get close to a part that had seemed made to order, what could she do but sing? Now she has the answer. "Noel's play is about a marvelous girl who abso-



Tammy Weber

SINGER TAMMY GRIMES
A pleased Noel.

lutely loves men," says Tammy. "She really is faithful, you know, I mean she thinks they're all marvelous. She's romantic, but she's terribly shrewd. She thinks men should never see the wheels clicking—which is fine. Because that's always been my attitude, don't try to top the men intellectually."

TELEVISION

Through a Child's Eyes

How does TV really affect the kids? Not quite so badly as many parents fear, reported three British sociologists last week in a thick new book, *Television and the Child* (sponsored by Britain's Ford-like Nuffield Foundation). For three years, in five English cities, the researchers studied 4,500 children (ages 10-14) who spent more time (on average two hours daily) watching TV than on any other home activity. Some of the conclusions:
1. The more satisfying a child's life and the more intelligent he is, the less he views TV. Even heavy viewing does not necessarily make most children more aggressive or listless, or discourage them from reading or studying.

2. Overwhelmingly, children prefer thrillers to anything else. Programs aimed specifically at children (puppets, nature,

animals) appeal only to the youngest.

3. Children are least disturbed by serialized thrillers, such as westerns, in which the ritualized ending brings back the hero reassuringly after each episode. They enjoy being scared, but become uneasy by the degree to which they can place themselves in a drama. Some children prefer adult crime thrillers precisely because they seem less realistic. To children, dangers and sharp instruments are more scary than guns, a real-life prizefight more upsetting than a western's barroom brawl.

4. Many younger children (and duller older ones) are helped by TV, which informs them about their world at a pace that suits them.
5. U.S. parents may find such conclusions oddly bland. An American child can see 2½ hours of nighttime westerns weekly (7:30-10 p.m. in Britain). And by comparison with such U.S. cut-'n'-shoots as Peter Gunn (see below), the British children's favorite thriller, gentlemanly *Fabian of Scotland Yard*, rarely fired a slug from pistol or bottle. The British sociologists still saw much room for improvement: better dramas outside the dog-cowboy-detective formulas, more attention to girls (half the audience). Meanwhile, as the London *Daily Mirror's* "Cassandra" put it: "The appalling mediocrity of most of the stuff that gets on to the TV screen just passes over our kids' heads. Fine."

Top Gunner

The cloistered nuns from the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Friendless are the only witnesses who can back up the murder suspect's alibi. But they cannot leave their convent to come to court: their vows forbid it. What is more, their reverend mother cannot even ask the mother general in Paris for special permission: the reverend mother has forgotten her French. And unless someone can get the nuns out of the cloister, the monosyllabic police lieutenant is prepared to see the suspect strapped into the electric chair. Enter Private Detective Peter Gunn.

It is hard enough to figure how the handsome hard-eyed guy in the Ivy League lapels keeps a straight face while he straightens out such impossible plots. It is even harder to figure how his audience keeps from collapsing with laughter. But they both manage. Introduced by NBC (Monday, 9-9:30 p.m. E.S.T.) this fall as a kind of literate Mike Hammer, Private Eye Gunn in less than two months was pressing the prizewinning *Danny Thomas Show*, in latest surveys ranks near the top of NBC programs.

One reason, suggests a pressagent, is that *Peter Gunn* is "a little bit much." The program so exaggerates traditional private-eye brouhahas that it can be taken for parody. And it is done so deadpan that it has *rigor mortis* of the upper lip.

Gunn (Craig Stevens) has all the normal qualifications: 1) a bachelor apartment that would do for "Baby" Pinarist; 2) a girl friend (Lola Albright) who sings in "Mother's" cabaret and waits languidly on his couch so she can bail

a couple of eggs whenever he gets
 3) a rampant palship with every
 mist, pool shark, trigger man and
 ie in town. But Producer-Director
 Edwards, 36, who also writes about
 the *Gunn* scripts, believes that Pete
 a little extra going for him. Says
 ards: "We tailored him in high style.
 man is intelligent, dresses well and
 much at home with hoodlums as
 high society. He and his girl have
 nderful relationship."

ually, the show's special appeal is
 er sex nor standard whodunit sus-
 t. The audience is rarely kept guess-
 outh who scragged the rich widow or
 shot the human fly. All Peter Gunn's
 have to do is wince while their man
 bs his heatings. Usually they know
 did what to whom, and they can be
 that Pete will survive with his fea-
 unscrambled. While the mayhem
 s up, though, the show offers a fine
 track. Jazzman Henry Mancini
 boasts some 50 movie credits, com-
 new scores for each show, leads
 e-man band through a whining, in-
 ing background good enough to be
 foreground fairly often in the series.
 enever Pete drops by the club where
 ple of his private eye is singing,
 music is a lot cooler than even Peter
 himself.

ds on the Wing

the minds of most people puppets
 did stuff, and few U.S. puppeteers
 to argue. Two who do: touselled Bil
 a gentle Midwesterner who looks
 shop teacher in a progressive school,
 is close-eyed actress wife Cora. Early
 month, on TV, they clinched the ar-
 nt with ABC's delightful, top-rated
Arney Meets Peter and the Wolf
 e, Dec. 8), which gave millions of
 a chance to watch the Bairds mar-
 e fish, their nose-wrinkling rabbits,
 ven a Baird cat climbing a tree—all
 rather than cute. Next Baird TV
 rance: *The Bell Telephone Hour*
 12, NBC), with the puppets liven-
 e Saint-Saëns *Carnival of Animals*
 urice Evans narrates. And next week
 airds and their puppets will go on
 and with an original musical fantasy
 d Baird (score by Richard Rodgers'
 nder-daughter Mary).

the show. *Davy Jones* about a ship-
 ed boy who hunts for buried pirate
 re at the bottom of the sea. To get
 for the road (New England), the
 worked 14 hours a day last week.
 s for the past 21 years they worked
 me: a bright onetime stable in an
 West Side district. Before the
 s, a previous tenant was Prohibition
 egger "Dutch" Schultz, who left it
 to dig highjackers' bullets out of
 ills.

With Her Head. For the Bairds
 their two children (aged three and
 such surroundings make no differ-
 they live in a gay and private
 That world began in the lively
 nation of Nebraska-born Bil (so
 l since he formed an art club reg-
 (three-letter first names). Growing



LOLA ALBRIGHT & CRAIG STEVENS
 A little bit much.

up in Detroit, the son of a chemical en-
 gineer, Bil built a puppet-populated mi-
 niture city for his friends in a vacant lot.
 He continued puppeteering apace through
 the State University of Iowa, wound up
 as assistant to famed Puppeteer Tony
 Sarg. One of his duties: nursing Sarg's
 monster Macy's parade balloons from a
 taxicab filled with helium tanks, while
 warding off BB gun snipers along the
 route.

At first the Bairds (married in 1937)
 got nowhere with their ancient art. For an
 act in a Toronto burlesque house in the
 early days, they designed a hilarious pup-
 pet stripper, who took off everything,
 including her head. The audience merely

clucked in sympathy, thinking the doll
 was broken. "They just didn't dig us,"
 says Bil, "until we hit the Persian Room."

For those who have dug them since,
 Bil Baird has made some 1,600 creatures
 (average length: 27 in.). Dozens of re-
 tired characters festoon the Baird apart-
 ment: hundreds more are packed in cat-
 aloqued cardboard boxes, along with rows
 of drawers containing eerie hoards of
 spare heads, arms, legs, hands. All over
 the workshop benches lie new creatures in
 various stages of becoming.

See It Now-Wow. Baird turns clay
 models of his puppets' heads over to his
 13 artisans for casting in plastic; there
 may be four or more versions of the same
 character to show his various stages and
 moods. In action, the creatures are han-
 dled by the Bairds (Cora plays all the
 female parts) and their company of four
 men. Though a puppeteer may handle as
 many as four characters at a time (in-
 cluding dancing marionettes with 27 strings
 apiece), the art requires less finger dexter-
 ity than unanny ability to project voice
 and body down from the overhead
 "bridge" onto the stage. "Some people
 can just throw themselves straight down
 the strings," says Cora. "I can't explain
 the secret. It's dancing, acting, singing,
 all wrapped in one."

To spoof people, Bil has generally used
 animals: a gossip hen (Hedda Louella
 McBrood), a bulldog TV interviewer
 (Mike Malice), a cow fan dancer (Dor-
 othy LaMoo). He also has a mournful
 bound-dog named Edward R. Bow-Wow,
 who delivers historical newscasts over *See
 It Now-I've*. But if TV is willing, Baird
 proposes something grander: serious news
 shows using puppets (Khrushchev: Dulles,
et al.), with graphic, moving geopolitical
 maps. "Nothing to it," says Puppeteer
 Baird. "In this art, the whole world is
 at your fingertips."



THE PUPPETEERS BAIRD & DAVY JONES
 A world on a string.

William Graham

SPORT



MONTREAL'S MAURICE RICHARD (RIGHT) AT WORK
Speaking seldom and carrying a hard stick.

Gazette Photo Service

The Rocket

For sustained loyalty, raucous fanaticism and sheer madness, there are few sporting crowds in the world to equal the hockey fans of Montreal. Whenever Les Canadiens are in town, French Canadians jam Montreal's Forum (capacity: 13,531) to shout bilingually (English and French) for their heroes. Every Canadiens game since World War II days has been a sell-out, and it is so hard to get tickets that season-ticket holders have been known to dispose of their seats in their wills.

There are those who consider the current Montreal team the greatest ever in hockey, superior to the Boston Bruins of the '30s or the Detroit Red Wings, who won seven straight championships in the late '40s and early '50s. Last week Les Canadiens won three straight to pull far ahead of the second-place Red Wings.

Even in a game's quiet moments the din at the Forum is incessant. But the normal noise level increases to a raucous roar when an aging, sharp-featured wingman with deep-set flashing jet-black eyes and a mop of black hair cuddles the puck to his stick, nurses it past enemy defenders, skillfully fakes the goalie out of position and flicks the rubber disk into the cage. Shouts of "Rocket, Rocket!" fill the air in delirious tribute to Joseph Henri Maurice Richard, the greatest player in modern hockey history.

In the Clutch. Hockey players are considered old at 30. At 37, the Rocket is admittedly past his peak; yet he has still managed 14 goals and 10 assists this season to tie for third place in the scoring standings. No one in the league is close to his career marks for goals (603); only

Detroit's Gordie Howe can approach his mark for total points (Richard 1,047; Howe 942). The Rocket still holds the record for most goals in one season (50 in an abbreviated 50-game season, 1944-45). He is also one of the game's great clutch players, has scored the winning goal in 98 games. Says New York Rangers defenseman Lou Fontinato, who tangles often with the Rocket, "I don't like to see him out on the ice with the score tied, because then he does the most damage."

Too Old to Fight? Taciturn and monosyllabic off the ice, the sinewy (5 ft. 10 in., 166 lbs.) Rocket turns into a ferociously truculent competitor once he takes stick in hand. In his long career, he has been fined a total of \$2,500, an all-time record. In one celebrated incident three years ago, Richard attacked an official who was interfering with his assault on a Boston player. League President Clarence Campbell suspended him, thus banishing him from the Stanley Cup playoffs. Montreal fans retaliated by attacking Campbell when he showed up to watch the next game, then surged into downtown streets, breaking store windows and thumping bystanders to show their displeasure. Maurice insists he has calmed down ("I'm too old to fight"). But just last week his Gallic temper burst out, and he whacked Detroit forward Norm Ullman with his stick, opened up a 7-in. gash on Ullman's forehead. Explained the Rocket: "Ullman speared me twice. He deserved all he got."

Operating with him on the Canadiens' first line are Dickie Moore, third highest scorer in the league, and Maurice's own younger brother and heir apparent, Henri ("Pocket Rocket") Richard, only 22 but

already a solid all-round center who has made 29 points this year. Together they form the best line in hockey (40 goals, 55 assists to date)—with the ironic result that the league's leading scorer (40 points), Bernie ("Boom Boom") Geoffrion, is relegated to the second line.

Richard's own brand of hockey contains not so much finesse, as it does sheer drive and, occasionally, just brute force. Canadiens fans still recall fondly the game in the 1945-46 season when the Rocket charged on the Detroit goal in a solo dash. Barring his way was Earl Seibert, a rugged, 225-lb. defenseman. Richard bent low, collided with Seibert, kept his feet, made the goal one-handed, with Seibert still spraddled atop his shoulders.

Some opponents frankly think that Richard's ferocity borders on the manic. Says Gordie Howe: "He sure acts funny at times. Just where do you draw that line between being colorful and being punchy?" But the Rocket, bearing down on opposing defensemen, is still one of hockey's great sights. Says the Canadiens' Executive Frank Selke Jr.: "Richard sets off a chain reaction whenever he gets the puck, even if it's just a routine pass. It's strange and wonderful, the way that he communicates with the crowd." Explains the Rocket simply: "I hate to lose."

Scoreboard

¶ New York Giant defensive linemen swarmed into the Cleveland Browns backfield to smother Fullback Jimmy Brown, smear Quarterbacks Milt Plum and Jim Ninowski. So thoroughly stifled was the Cleveland offense that the Giants needed little attack of their own, rolled to a decisive 10-0 victory which gave them the Eastern Conference Championship. A team with little individual brilliance and rated nowhere by pre-season dopsters, the Giants have won all the big ones, will meet the Western Champion Baltimore Colts next week for the National Football League title.

¶ Feeling the need for moral support in its battle with Pro Promoter Jack Kramer (TIME, Dec. 15), the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia asked the International Lawn Tennis Federation to ban Kramer's using amateur-controlled courts for his pro shows. Vexed by L.T.A.A. sniping, Kramer warned that he could "get a lot rougher," added menacingly, "I could destroy the entire Davis Cup structure by signing up the world's leading amateurs next year." During a break in these interchanges, the U.S. Davis Cup team whipped Italy 3-0, moved into the challenge round against the heavily favored Aussies.

¶ Coach Frankie Albert, whose San Francisco Forty Niners finished with an unimpressive 6-6 record, quit with a bellow of rage. Said Albert: "My wife ran out of grocery stores where she could shop without being insulted. My daughter Nancy [15] quit going to games this year. Janie [12] checked out a month ago. I know what my problems are, and I expect to worry about them. But when my six-year-old daughter [Terry] starts to worry about them, that's too much."



"EARTH IN SPACE," one of a series of paintings of the planets by Simpson Middleman, painter who has been finding their subject matter in science. To quote them: "Earth is distinguished among the planets by its oceans of water and its single moon. From there as a starting point, earth in this painting has been imagined as a configuration of intersecting planes—solid on layer of blue—until it becomes a transparent crystal, glowing in space." Painting courtesy John Heller Gallery, Inc.

Space power. Engineers and scientists at Boeing are at work on Minuteman, a new advanced Air Force weapon system built around solid-propellant intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Minuteman is under accelerated development for use by the Strategic Air Command, with the Air Force's Ballistic Missile Division managing the program. Boeing's system integration experience, its outstanding facilities and research capabilities earned for the company an assignment as associate prime contractor for assembly and test of the Minuteman missile system.

Boeing engineers and scientists are also at work on other advanced space-age projects, including Phase I development of Dyna-Soar. These and additional projects offer outstanding space-age opportunities to engineers and scientists of all categories. Drop a note now to Mr. Stanley M. Little, Department T-82, Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle 24, Washington.

BOEING

THE PRESS

Sisters Under the Skin?

Since she burst into their comic-strip world in 1956, the Texas teen-age tomboy named Poteet has brought both joy and dismay to tall-in-the-cockpit Colonel Steve Canyon and Cartoonist Milton Caniff. Last week Caniff acknowledged that he took Poteet out of the strip (667 papers) in early October because of the problems she posed. For one thing, she was upstaging Steve with her giddy flair. For another, he feared she would become sullied by association with another youthful heroine of a different reputation: Lolita.

The bond between Poteet and Lolita, the nymphet of the bestselling novel by Vladimir Nabokov (TIME, Sept. 1), seems even more vague than the "kissin' cousin" kinship Poteet claims for Steve, who dutifully has made her his ward. Poteet plays polo and coaches basketball, is always chaperoned when she travels with Steve. Square-jawed Steve gives his ward only the most brotherly kisses, has even punished her with a sound paddling. In contrast, Lolita confines her athletics to the bedroom, romps from motel to motel across the nation with her stepfather Humbert Humbert.

Still, Poteet has always been jealous of Steve's kid friends, is obviously in puppy love with the colonel. What is more, Caniff realized with a start last summer that Poteet was getting too big for her skin-tight blue-jean britches. Says he: "She was becoming increasingly curved in all the right places." Playing it safe, Caniff will never bring Poteet back as a wide-eyed kid in a cowboy hat. When she does reappear some time next year, Poteet will be hovering on the edge of womanhood. Cartoonist Caniff is even now pondering his next problem: Should grown-up Poteet make a grown-up play for Steve?

If Poteet has been banished from *Steve Canyon* in part because of a distant tie

to Lolita, many a reader who mixes some books with his comic strips is convinced that a teen-ager now raising temperatures in *Dick Tracy* (416 papers) is closely related, indeed, to the nimble nymphet. Slinky and scheming beyond her years, Popsie is fond of putting down her tollypop and bussing the cheek of Headache, a slot-machine maker who is not above bussing back. Cries Headache: "Owow! That tollypop!" The very suggestion that Popsie and Lolita and Headache and Humbert are parallels draws howls of aggrieved outrage from Cartoonist Chester Gould who says he has never even read Nabokov's book. ("Nymphet?" said Gould. "That's the biggest word I've heard today.") To him, *Lolita* sounds like a waste of time.

Gift of the Editors

From the Texas Heritage Foundation went the touching plea to the President of the U.S.: Would he, in the name of Christian charity, posthumously pardon that gifted storyteller O. Henry,* convicted in 1898 of embezzling \$854.08 from an Austin bank? At the same time the wire went to President Eisenhower from Major General (ret.) Paul Wakefield, the foundation's president, word of his appeal was scattered to newspapers, radio and television stations the country over.

The response would have warmed O. Henry's heart. Newspapers all over the U.S. leaped at the bait: feature writers and editorialists wallowed in reminiscence of and sentiment for O. Henry. From a White House lawyer came a letter formally expressing President Eisenhower's "regret" that he was powerless to reverse the 60-year-old jury decree. Thereupon Texas Democratic Representative Homer Thornberry announced that he was studying the possibility of asking for quick action by Congress. Intoned the Chicago

Sun-Times: "A grateful and appreciative American public pardoned O. Henry many, many years ago."

Last week the story of the pardon played out in the kind of twist with which Story Spinner O. Henry liked to end his own tales. Jack McKenzie, account executive for the Cain Organization, a Dallas public relations outfit, let it be known that he had whipped up the whole furor as a plug for a client's television show. *The Gift of the Magi*, a musical version of the sentimental, enduring O. Henry Christmas story. Said successful Pressagent McKenzie: "Greatest thing I ever saw."

The Haulers' Christmas

For the twelfth straight day, 8,000,000 New Yorkers went without their daily papers. The strike of 4,400 delivermen had laid a high cost on the nine newspapers—and on the city. Of some 20,000 newspaper employees, fewer than 5,000 were working. The papers totted up total losses of \$1,000,000 a day in advertising revenue and another \$400,000 daily in circulation revenue.

Without newspaper advertising, major department store sales in one big Christmas shopping week fell nearly \$3,000,000 below last year, and specialty store sales dropped \$1,250,000. Impulse and mail-order sales—both directly responsive to newspaper ads—were down even more sharply. In desperation, some Manhattan merchants pasted ads in subway coach windows—at \$2.00 a day for four displays in each car—or bought space in neighborhood papers, e.g., the Greenwich Village *Village Voice*, which was not affected by the strike. On 42nd Street, Stern's department store installed eight pretty girls in show windows to chalk sales specials on blackboards, got so much response that the girls may be used even after the newspapers are back. Radio station WMCA began selling retail announcements on a half-hour program hitherto devoted to public service, sold all available time 48 hours in advance.

Of all the radio and TV stations that

* Real name: William Sydney Porter.



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STEVE & POTEET



Copyright 1955 by The Chicago Tribune
POPSIE & HEADACHE

Found: one big association among three little girls.



THE MEN WHO STOPPED THE PRESSES IN NEW YORK
Lost: millions of dollars and the vital little facts.

tried to fill the news gap by extended coverage, the best job was done by a radio station tied to a good newspaper—the New York Times's WQXR. Department editors went on the air to read stories; other staffers chatted conversationally among themselves on topics of the hour. Taped interviews with Timesmen overseas gave listeners a Timeslike ration of international affairs. Every day Theodore M. Bernstein, the Times's able, shirt-sleeved assistant managing editor, patiently and expertly filled for his audience, column by column, an imaginary Times Page One—and emerged as a radio personality in his own right.

The Missing Pages. Expanded radio and TV coverage could only skim along the peaks of the news, leaving unchronicled, among other things, the inside-page happenings of the community. Many a forlorn Manhattan miss lost the opportunity to exhibit her face, or at least the fact of her engagement or marriage to her neighbors. Many an executive promoted as the New Year approached made the ascent unnoticed. For want of want ads, the unemployed lost job opportunities, apartments stayed unrented, dogs stayed lost. Men were convicted or acquitted without public attention, the scores of sports events went unreported, Christmas charities were hard put to make their appeals heard. And many a citizen whose passing would have been noted on the obituary pages—even if it had to be by a paid notice—died known only to his friends.

All during the strike's second week, neither side budged an inch toward set-

tlement. Management sat tight on its original \$7 package offer—a \$4-a-week raise next year, \$3 more in 1960—which it had already contracted to give to the American Newspaper Guild. The deliverers' union, having repudiated its leaders by striking in the first place, rejected them again last week by shouting down a recommendation from President Sam Feldman and the negotiating committee to vote again on the publishers' offer. Feldman and his committee sat back in helpless frustration. "The union's an anarchy," said Stephen Vladek, former union counsel. "It's riven with politics."

Reporters Sorting Mail. By week's end the tough and truculent deliverymen, semiskilled workers who had forced printers, engravers and writers off the payrolls, were going it very much alone. No help, or offers of help, came from the nine other unions indirectly involved in the strike. When the paper haulers appealed to the other unions for a "mutual aid pact," they were coldly rebuffed. There was little sympathy in any quarter for the deliverymen, who can gross as much as \$250 a week—against a base pay of \$104—by taking extra jobs, working extra shifts, and by charging newsstand dealers for "insurance" against such hazards as truck damage to their kiosks or bundles dropped in the gutter.

For some 15,000 newsmen and mechanical-department workers off the job without pay, perhaps the worst aspect of the strike was the sight of printers, journalists and other skilled workers reduced, in the week before Christmas, to part-time work at the post office, sorting Christmas mail.

MILESTONES

Born. To Dennis Crosby, 24, Los Angeles disk jockey and sometime crooner, son of all-time Crooner Bing Crosby; and Pat Sheehan Crosby, 26, onetime showgirl: their first child, a son, in Santa Monica, Calif. Weight: 8 lbs. 13 oz. Last week, Dennis Crosby also adopted Franz Nicholas Gregory von Douglas-Iltu, 75, his wife's son by a previous marriage.

Born. To Edmund Sixtus Muskie, 44, Governor of Maine and U.S. Senator-elect, first popularly elected Democratic Senator in Maine history, and Jane Gray Muskie, 31; their fourth child, third daughter, in Waterville, Me.

Morried. Sheree North, 25, coach alumna turned cinemactress; and Psychologist Gerhart Sommer, 30; both for the third time, in Los Angeles.

Divorced. By Pier Angeli (real name: Anna Maria Pierangeli), 26, Italian-born cinemactress. Vic Damone (real name: Vito Farinola), 30, Brooklyn-born crooning cinemactor, after four years of marriage, one child, in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Wolfgang Pauli, 38, Swiss physicist, 1945 Nobel prizewinner for his work on atomic structure. World War II co-worker with Albert Einstein at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J.; after surgery, in Zurich.

Died. Martine Windsor (Bill) Corum, 61, syndicated New York *Journal-American* sports columnist, president of Louisville's Churchill Downs race track, network commentator for major boxing events and the World Series; of lung cancer, in Manhattan. Missouri-born Bill Corum started out with the New York Times, went over to Hearst in 1925. That year he saw his first Kentucky Derby, from then on advertised the race so fondly in his columns that when Colonel Matt Winn died in 1940 Corum found that he had written his way into the presidency of Churchill Downs.

Died. Sir John Collings Squire, 74, British poet, critic, parodist, founder and editor (1919-34) of the now defunct *London Mercury* magazine; near Heathfield, England. Squire's *Mercury* was an outlet for the work of such Squire friends as Robert Graves, Robert Bridges, Siegfried Sassoon, listed among its contributors Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, G. B. Shaw, G. K. Chesterton. But the magazine ran onto financial reefs, disappointing Squire, who once wrote:

*For me I never cared for fame;
Solvency was my only aim.*

Died. Ada E. Foote Wrigley, about 60, widow of William Wrigley Jr., who minted millions from chewing gum, owned baseball's Chicago Cubs, after eleven years in a coma, in Pasadena, Calif.

MUSIC

The Impostor Strads

When Antonio Stradivari died in Cremona, Italy in 1737, he left behind him an estimated 1,100 masterfully constructed stringed instruments, of which perhaps 600 that have any claim to his name exist today. Every violin virtuoso, concertmaster and well-heeled amateur in the world has wanted to own an instrument by the famed Cremona fiddlemaker. The supply, while never plentiful, has surprisingly never been exhausted, and last week the proceedings of a Swiss court pointed to the reason why: buyers of supposed Strads and other instruments with great Cremona labels have been the victims of a traffic in fake violins.

The man responsible for last week's court action is an Italian violin connoisseur named Giovanni Iviglia. Twenty years ago, an exhibition of old-master violins was held in Cremona, and of the 2,000 which Expert Iviglia now says were offered from all parts of the world, only 40 proved to be genuine. Believing that the center of a fake violin trade was Switzerland, Iviglia, with the blessings of the Italian government, set up an "Advisory Bureau for Purchasers and Owners of Italian String Instruments" in Zurich.

With the aid of the local police laboratory, his bureau examined hundreds of violins brought to it by worried buyers. Most of the instruments had telltale modern coats of lacquer or labels with inks and paper of recent manufacture. In one violin, the police lab even found particles of nylon. A concertmaster brought Iviglia a "Stradivarius" (for which he had paid \$12,000) with a label reading "Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis faciebat Anno 1703." Undereneath, another label was found reading "Pietro Antonio della Costa, Treviso, Anno 1764." Both labels were false. A Swiss collector brought in a 1710 "Stradivarius" for which she had paid \$30,000, was informed by Iviglia's office that she owned "a very handsome instrument dating back to about 1800 and worth not more than \$4,000 or \$5,000."

Iviglia painstakingly built up a case against famed Bern Dealer Henry Werro.

67-year-old former president of the Swiss Violin Dealers Association, Werro hastily repurchased five violins and a cello from angry customers for a total of about \$60,000 before he was brought to trial on 20-odd charges of forgery of names and labels. The top violin traders in Paris, London, Amsterdam and New York, who have for years passed on the authenticity of old violins, almost unanimously supported Werro. Seventy-year-old Albert Phillips-Hill of London's sacrosanct W.E. Hill & Sons, and himself known in the trade as "The Pope," called the work of Iviglia's bureau a "scandal."

But last week with Iviglia's charges supported by court-appointed scientists and "style experts," the court found Dealer Werro guilty of "falsifying labels" and "forgery in two cases," fined him 5,000 Swiss francs, sentenced him to a one-year conditional jail term. The decision, said Investigator Iviglia, would knock the bottom out of the old-violin market.

The Sins of Annie

Mack the Knife, hero of Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera*, has become a hero of U.S. pop music in dozens of record incarnations, ranging from "Satchmo" Armstrong's growl to Tito Puente's Latin-beat version. Last week a distant cousin of Mack's was a smash hit on the stage of Manhattan's City Center. Her name was Annie, and actually—in an intriguing case of split personality—she was two girls. Annie I (Singer Lotte Lenya) stood for the heroine's practical, cynical self; Annie II (Dancer Allegra Kent) embodied her sentimental, well-meaning side. Between them, the two Annies made for a topnotch show—a sort of vaudeville-hall-cabaret act that emerged, in its first U.S. production (staged by George Balanchine), as a typically Weilly immoralistic play.

Modesty Swaddled. As the story unfolded (libretto by the late Bertolt Brecht, in a new English translation by W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman), *The Seven Deadly Sins* also turned out to be a lusty amalgam of the seven lively arts. As the two Annies leave home in Louisi-



Allegra Kent & Lotte Lenya
"Lozy Bones are for the Devil."

ana for "the great big cities where you go to make money," a family quartet (mamma is a booming bass) sits at stage right, chattering pious homilies ("Lozy Bones are for the Devil's stockpot"). With every remittance from the pilgrim Annies, they proudly add a new hunk to a fine brick house that is abuilding. The girls travel from city to city, and in each place they face one of the Sins in ironic disguise.

In Memphis, Annie II tries to dance in a nightclub, modestly swaddled, but soon learns from practical Annie I that "pride is [for those] who can well afford it. Do what you are asked to do and not what you want." Annie II quickly unswaddles, becomes a notorious nude enclosed in cellophane. In Los Angeles, she loses a movie job when she gives way to Anger at the brutal director (bleats her family: "We're at a standstill"). In Philadelphia, where her dancer's contract specifies that she must weigh 118 lbs., she fights Gluttony by frenetic, deep knee-bends, and Annie I keeps her from a tempting ice-cream cone at pistol point. In Boston, Annie has a nicely paying lover, but succumbs to Lust by falling in love on the side with a handsome pimp (cries Annie I: "Cheat the man who protects you, and you've lost half your value").

Fetchingly Stripped. After seven years the house is paid for, but Annie II faces the consequences: envy of those who live naturally without thought of gain. In the San Francisco finale, she is stripped symbolically (and fetchingly) to black lace undies, tries to plunge through a series of doors representing instincts that she rejected. Barred by a chorus line in spangled bras and chilling dehumanized masks, she goes home to the crushing arms of her family, a sadder and possibly wiser Annie.

Singer Lotte Lenya, Composer Weill's widow, chanted the English lyrics over the plonking honky-tonk score with the shrugging mock quavers and smoky, wistful quality that she commands as grace-



Investigator Iviglia
"The strings, my lord, are false."

fully as ever. Young (21) pretty Ballerina Kent managed to convey both futility and hectic gaiety with a lift of her head a swaying lilt of her lithe body.

The Seven Deadly Sins is a period piece—the last collaboration (1933) between Refugee Berliners Weill and Brecht. The first went on to compose hit Broadway musicals, the other to be a literary showpiece for Communist Germany. Both are now dead. Their 1930s' cynicism, which is actually full of sentimentality and humor, survives as a work of satirical art that neither matched again.

Broad Bach

Fanciers of Johann Sebastian Bach are a disputatious lot given to occult probings into the spirit of the Master. Some like their Bach feathery and ice-edged; some like him broad and deliberate. The undisputed queen of the "broad" Bach school is Chicago-born Pianist Rosalyn Tureck, who for the past five years has been building an impressive reputation in Europe's concert halls (TIME, July 29, 1957). Last week the New York Philharmonic provided J.S.B.'s Manhattan fans with a rare treat: an all-Bach program at which Pianist Tureck appeared as the first female conductor in the orchestra's history of 5,800 regular concerts.

From the piano she led the orchestra (30 strings) in the *Concerto No. 1 in D Minor* and the *Concerto No. 7 in G Minor*. As always, the Tureck style was unhurried, her touch firm and glistering, her phrasing spacious. Her cues to the orchestra were kept to a minimum: a somewhat stiff sweep of the arms to launch a movement, followed by a nod of her head or even the lift of an eyebrow to cue individual sections. Her piano itself set the tempo, which Tureck accentuated by bobbing slightly on the piano bench.

In rehearsals, where her basic conducting is done, Pianist Tureck hands out her own editions of the works to be played (no printed editions of the original Bach orchestral parts are available), explains to the orchestra what her artistic concept is and why she has called for specific details of phrasing, dynamics, tempo. The major problem, she finds, is "getting a new idea of Bach across" to orchestra men chiefly schooled in the romantic repertoire of the 19th century. In describing her ideas, she avoids technical detail, often uses phrases like "Keep it broad!" Once, during rehearsal last week, she cried, "You know what I mean," drew from Concertmaster John Corigliano a gentle suggestion: "If you want it, you must show them."

Small, intense Pianist Tureck, who has never formally studied conducting, began only two years ago when she got the chance to do eight Bach concertos with Copenhagen's Collegium Musicum. Since then, she has successfully led the Philharmonia Orchestra in a series of concerts that sold out London's Royal Festival Hall. She still plays regularly under other conductors. But when she herself can boss the orchestra, she feels that she can come several steps closer to the real Bach.

MISCELLANY

A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions of the human spirit during 1958:



JANUARY

Roving Assignment. In Salt Lake City, convicts publishing the Utah state prison newspaper abruptly changed the masthead listing of Escaped Editor Quay Kilburn from "Editor in Chief" to "Editor at Large."

FEBRUARY

High Proof. In San Bruno, Calif., police patrols stopped hundreds of cars to check drivers for intoxication, landed nary a drinker, found down the road a home-made sign reading: "Roadblock ahead. Lushes turn right."



MARCH

Donnybrook Estates. In Alexandria, La., six house wreckers showed up at the home of Paul Davis, removed half the roof, most of the upper story and the front porch before Davis arrived and told them they were tearing down the wrong house.

APRIL

Socratic Method. In Manhattan, a judge kept silencing Assistant District Attorney Burton Roberts' attempts to interrupt Defense Attorney Horacio Quiñones, but recessed the court when Roberts finally broke in to say: "I'm sorry, Your Honor, but in the interest of public health and justice, I must bring to the court's attention the fact that Mr. Quiñones has just drunk a glass of Epsom salts in which I was bathing my finger."

MAY

Take Line. In Philadelphia, a worker stopped off to pick up unemployment money from the company that had laid him off, told Employment Manager George Brobyn: "Hurry up; my cab is waiting."

JUNE

Landslide. In West Hollywood, Fla.,

voters elected a mayor, defeated on the same ballot a proposal to incorporate the town, with the result that Frank Polage is the new mayor of no place.

JULY

Reel McCoy. Near Hyannis, Mass., Surf Fisherman George Vasquez got a firm strike, braced for battle, slowly played his catch to shore, landed a live, 70-in., rubber-flipper male skindiver.



AUGUST

S.P.Q.-Hour. In Miami Beach, a 1,600-year-old Roman coin was collected from a parking meter.

SEPTEMBER

The Gearing. In Atlanta, Henry Simpson III's first birthday party was held in the Buick where he was born.

OCTOBER

Heil to Pay. In West Hartford, Conn., Kenneth B. Johnson paid a \$8 fine for illegal overnight parking, drew an additional \$50 fine for making out his check to the "West Hartford Police Gestapo."



NOVEMBER

Timbering Up. In Houghton, Mich., Iris Ann Johnson explained that she had killed her lumberjack husband during a "game we played when we were drinking. He would run around the yard while I shot at him with a .22-caliber rifle."

DECEMBER

Infantry. In Bonn, West Germany, when Ulrich Draeger received notice from the draft board to report for examination, his father put him in a perambulator and wheeled him to the draft board office, where four-month-old Ulrich got a lollipop and was sent home.

BUSINESS in 1958



INVESTORS WATCHING PRICE QUOTATIONS AT MERRILL LYNCH'S DETROIT OFFICE

Joe Clark

IN 1958 the U.S. just missed the moon. But Wall Street's Bull made it—and over—with ease.

Starting in January, stocks on the big board took off with a whoosh that by December sent the market up 37% and carried every average out into space. Coming in a time of recession, the market's amazing moon shot baffled most of the experts. But it was no mystery to the investors whose buying sent it up. In 1958 they could plainly see for the first time that the U.S. was blessed with a new kind of economy, different from any ever seen on the face of the earth.

The new economy is not the fruit of revolution but of the rapid change of U.S. capitalism to meet the vast, growing needs of the population it serves so well. In the new economy many of the old classical rules of economics no longer apply; over the years the U.S. has made and learned new rules all its own. The test—and the proof that the U.S. had learned its lessons well—was the recession. It not only highlighted the changes in the economy, but proved beyond doubt that the U.S. could take a hard knock and come bouncing quickly back. In the new economy:

¶ Consumers no longer tie their spending to fluctuations in the growth cycle. The U.S. is so wealthy that even in recession one-third of its income proved to be extra, "discretionary income," above and beyond necessities, money that could be and was used to power continuing booms in industries that were once termed luxury.

¶ Businessmen no longer run for the storm cellar at the inevitable willows of economic life, but continue to plan and expand for the long term.

¶ Labor no longer faces drastic cuts in wage rates—and buying power—in times of recession. Equally important, the accelerating shift to the service industries from manufacturing has made overall employment more stable.

¶ Government no longer feels bound to buy its way out of recession with tax cuts and many-billion-dollar programs of every type. In the new economy, built-in stabilizers automatically operate to take

up the slack, keep income, and thus consumption, at high levels.

For these reasons, the recession of 1958 was the least worrisome of the 25 economic downturns in U.S. history.

Investors' Market. Better than anything else, Wall Street's high-flying Bull symbolized the new economic power and stability of the U.S. Within twelve months the Dow-Jones industrials went up 137.48 points from 435.69 to a historic high of 573.17 in the closing weeks of 1958; utilities jumped 20.42 points; rails soared 58.72 points. There were still skeptics who had seen such high-flying

stocks and heard such talk of the new prosperity before—in 1929. But in 1929 the market was founded on fantasy, frenzy—and credit. In 1958 the Bull's flight to the moon was fueled almost entirely with cash, clear evidence of the investors' confidence in the U.S.'s economic health.

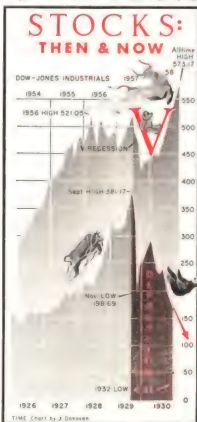
Wall Street still has its speculators. But Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, in a survey of 300,000 big, little and medium-sized investors, discovered that the vast majority bought for long-term investment and had no intention of selling, despite the recession. Even American Telephone & Telegraph Co., that staid old lady of the utilities, is getting to be a growth stock.

Long-term investors pushed A.T. & T. up 20% in 1958 to hit 200 for the first time since 1931. The buying pressure got so great that last week A.T. & T. made more shares available. President Frederick R. Kappel announced a three-for-one split, first in the company's history, thus in one swoop will add better than 140 million shares to the market. To top it off, the dividend was boosted 10%.

The rush to buy was so great that trading had to be suspended for 15 hours.

When it was resumed A.T. & T. sold at \$225 a share, up \$24. Earlier in the year A.T. & T. had another profound effect on the market. In September, it decided to put \$266 million of its pension fund into common stocks. It was a signal that to one of the most conservative investors in the nation, stocks were not only respectable but prudent investments.

The workman who once put aside a few dollars a week towards his retirement, now buys into the market through a mutual fund or the Stock Exchange's Monthly Investment Plan. So does the middle-income white-collar worker who hopes to send his son through college, the matron who saves to give her daughter a bang-up wedding. In Atlanta Mrs. Sara Pfeiffer, a trim, energetic grandmother and freelance writer, has organized three investment clubs; is busy with a fourth. Says a Cleveland commercial artist: "This year I became a capitalist. I went into the market for the first time."



In 1958 the U.S. had so many new capitalists that the number of stockholders passed the 10 million mark. Merrill Lynch alone is adding new accounts at the rate of 950 a week. Mutual funds are growing almost as fast. In 1940 there were only 68 mutual funds with \$448 million in assets; today 149 funds hold \$12.75 billion in assets, the great bulk of it stocks. Another \$12 billion in stocks is held by other institutional buyers such as insurance companies and pension funds. Even such stiff-collared investment bankers as Lehman Bros. and Lazard Frères went into the fund business, unable to resist the clamor for shares. Lehman originally offered shares worth \$37.5 million; demand was so great the issue was boosted to \$108 million. Lazard also first thought of \$37.5 million, sold \$127.5 million.

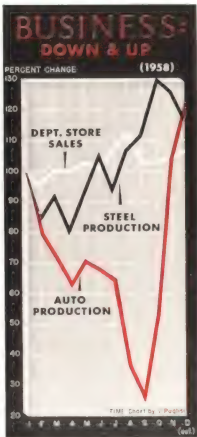
The Great Shortage. Inevitably, the rush to buy—and the reluctance to sell—created a shortage of stocks in 1958. Though the number of shares on the exchange has increased 400% (to 3 billion) since 1929, the number of long-term investors has probably grown 20 times. The year saw the fourth highest turnover in history; yet turnover as a percentage of shares outstanding was lower than in 49 out of the past 58 years. To make matters tighter, the number of new shares coming on the market had been small. The tax advantages of debt financing are so attractive that only \$23.6 billion of the \$107.4 billion in new corporate security offerings since World War II were stocks; all the rest were bonds.

No wonder the Bull could flick his tail at recession. The 1958 market kept climbing, not a bit disturbed by threats of war in Lebanon and Quemoy, and had corporate news that showed a 30.5% drop in six-month earnings. The new investors were looking at other values. As steel dropped to 47.1% of capacity in April, Bethlehem Steel the No. 2 producer, failed by 8¢ to make its 60¢ first-quarter dividend. But Bethlehem confidently paid the dividend, and the stock climbed 5½ points to 41¼ by midyear. The important discovery for long-term investors was that steel could make money even at surprisingly low operating rates. It was no longer at the mercy of feast-or-famine cycles.

The market also proved that the new economy is so big and so diverse that many industries once considered the driving forces can slow down without bringing a traffic jam throughout business. The tobacco companies, the supermarket chains, drug and electronics companies all had record or near-record years despite recession. Investors reacted by driving P. Lillard up 17½% to 89 at the high; General Foods went from 30½ to 79½; Federated Department Stores from 30½ to 34½; Pfizer, Merck, Schering, and Carter Products posted 68% to 114% gains. One spectacular performer riding a recession boom: Zenith Radio hit a high of 208½ for a 200% gain since spring.

At year's end some Wall Street professionals worried that the Bull had overreached himself, that the market had gone too high too fast. A few years ago, a stock that was selling for 15 times its earnings

was considered expensive. At year's end the price-earnings ratio for industrials on Moody's index stood at 21, and for many stocks it was much higher, e.g., IBM is selling at 47 times earnings. Viewed at current earnings, the market may indeed be too high, reflecting a hedge against more inflation as well as a hope of sharing in the growth of the economy. But it is not too high in the light of the earnings investors think they can expect. Nevertheless, some experts expect a pause or short drop for the Bull to catch his breath. The pessimists fear a major shake-out. They could be right only if the nation's reading on its new economy is



wrong. And in 1958 the economy's reaction to recession earned it a well-deserved vote of confidence.

Time to Digest. In the sense that the drop was the fastest and deepest, the recession was the worst since World War II. The gross national product lost \$19.8 billion in six months. It was also the most carefully reported, closely analyzed and best understood of the three postwar recessions. Everyone knew the basic causes: businessmen expanding at fantastic rates ever since World War II, had to slow down; the economy needed time to sit back and digest all the new capacity. Plant expansion, roaring along at the rate of \$37.3 billion in 1957, dropped to \$24.6 billion in 1958. Businessmen who had been accumulating inventories at the rate of \$2.2 billion annually decided they had

too much on their shelves; they cut back drastically, almost \$2.5 billion for the year.

The immediate reaction of many politicians and businessmen was to call for the classic remedies. They cried for tax cuts, a mammoth government make-work program, many more billions for old-age pensions and unemployment aid. All year long the Eisenhower Administration staunchly resisted temptations to buy its way out of recession, although it speeded up and enlarged present housing and social security programs as anti-recession measures. It gave the economy's carefully built-in stabilizers a chance to work and relied on the nation's own basic good health to recover from the slump.

As manager of the nation's money supply the Federal Reserve Board operated its credit tools with a delicate touch, lowering member-bank discount rates and reserve requirements. But there was no wholesale flood of credit. In the new economy so many other financial institutions—insurance companies, finance companies, savings and loan associations—have grown up that the nation's credit pool is increasingly independent of the FRI. Nor was Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. in any tearing hurry to force feed the economy. Said Martin: "During a boom, waste and inefficiency creep in naturally. It's hard not to believe that recession does a lot of business a lot of good."

Cushions & Nudges. The important thing was not to let the slump in manufacturing spread. And there the economy's built-in cushions proved their value in helping keep personal income (\$353.3 billion) at record levels. As labor incomes slipped \$6.2 billion by April, chiefly from the declines in autos and thus in steel, payments from unemployment insurance, pensions, social security, etc., automatically climbed \$4.5 billion (to \$26.1 billion annually) and took up the worst of the slack. Increasing federal, state and local outlays for needed schools, hospitals, dams and roads helped keep construction growing to a record \$48.8 billion. The 1957 housing slump was turned around (1,170,000 new housing starts in 1958) with the aid of beefed-up FHA VA and Fannie May programs. Good weather and fine crops gave farmers a 10% boost in income. Finally, the defense planners who had helped accelerate recession with an ill-timed economy wave in the summer of 1957 got back on the missile beam by mid-1958 with a \$2.3 billion increase in the contract awards.

It all helped, but the new economy is too big for the Government to do more than nudge it along the road to recovery. Says Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson: "People should stop worrying about all the little things Government can do. There was a minimum of stimulation from the Administration. The basic resiliency showed up in business."

Even at the worst of the recession, there was no overall pattern of woe. New England with its troubled textile industry and heavy manufacturing, was sorely tried. Many of the Midwest's one-industry towns had some rough months. In Peoria,

III, where Caterpillar Tractor is not just a barometer of business but the whole weather bureau, 6,000 men were out of work until Cat worked off its big inventory of bulldozers and earth movers. But at the same time, South Dakota's farmers were so thick in clover that tax receipts ran 10% higher and the department stores of Cedar Rapids, Iowa were 4.5% ahead of last year. In the South, where new industry was moving in 20% faster than last year, most of what was known about the recession was what the people read in the news dispatches from the North. Says Southern Co.'s President Harlee Branch Jr., "We had just enough of a recession to be made aware that one could happen."

The New Consumer. The greatest single force in keeping the recession local—and then turning it around—was the moribund U.S. consumer, the same man who, as investor, sent Wall Street's Bull to the moon. By old-fashioned doctrine, recession is a time when consumers cut down their spending. In 1958 the confident U.S. consumer continued to buy, and then some. He became the economic hero of the year—and demonstrated several other facets of the new economy.

While most of the indexes showed steep drops, retail sales never fell more than 5%, by year's end were climbing to new records. The sometimes worried but rarely daunted consumer denied himself virtually nothing in a shopping list that included 5,200,000 new TV sets, 8,000,000 new radios, 1,100,000 new home freezers, 2,744,000 new automatic washing machines, uncounted new stoves, mixers, and toasters.

Saving was once something practiced by the well-to-do minority of the population

—because only they could afford it. In the new economy, so many Americans are so well off that savings and loan accounts have grown to \$46 billion, to \$10.6 billion ten years ago. Time deposits at mutual savings banks and in commercial banks, postal savings and savings bonds add up to another \$162 billion or so—all money that can be spent. Even old folks, many of whom once lived on their children, now have a comfortable income from corporate, federal, state and local retirement funds totaling almost \$7.5 billion.

The Status Symbols. Savings are only one factor in keeping consumer spending high. One of the big new things economists talk about is "discretionary income"—what Americans have left over after they pay taxes, feed, clothe, house and transport themselves and buy whatever else they consider necessities. In the new economy, the necessities themselves are so numerous that the consumer price index now contains 300 items (vs. 200 in the 1930s). Nevertheless, the U.S. in 1958 spent only two-thirds of its total \$111 billion disposable income on necessities. All the rest, a staggering \$102 billion, was discretionary income to be spent as people chose. With the migration to higher income brackets that has put close to 50% of the taxpayers in the bracket above \$5,000 annually, discretionary income is a constantly rising figure, will jump to \$116.6 billion next year.

This income has caused a great change in what sociologists like to call the status symbols, the material possessions by which a family can show its success. Once it was usually a car—the bigger the better. But now, says McCann-Erickson's President Marion Harper Jr., "the status symbols are beginning to pile up six deep," include boats, summer homes and swimming pools (51,000 built in 1958). They are the symbols of the new "reward" spending. As part of his reward for hard work, today's U.S. consumer feels justified in buying luxuries that yesterday's wage earner dared not even contemplate.

Rambling Rambler. The changing symbols of status showed up in new car sales. Detroit's output tumbled 26.7% to only 4,250,000 cars for the year. Both Ford and Chrysler lost money in the first nine months (though Fords were selling so fast at year's end that the company will end up in the black). Motorists found plenty of reasons not to buy and some complained that 1958's creations were too long, too low, too chrome, too powerful, too high-priced. A truer reason was that Detroit was slowed by its own excellence. Practically everybody who wanted a car already had a good one, or two—and they took a long time to wear out. With no pressing reason to buy, cars were postponable items, except as they offered something new in the way of status symbols.

The industry's success story of 1958 was the fast rise of the small car, which provided transportation, economy and snob appeal all in one package. The buglike European autos, such as Volkswagens, MGs, Renaults and Fiats, buzzed off with 8% of the domestic market, better than double their 1957 record. But the man-

of the year in autos was American Motors President George Romney, who had staked the fate of his company on the small Rambler and won. As sales soared, he turned American Motors' \$11.1 million loss in 1957 into a \$26 million 1958 profit, and at year's end sales and profits were still climbing fast.

Some other 1958 symbols of plenty: \$1.6 billion for jewelry, \$280 million for furs, \$20.1 billion on travel and \$2.1 billion for that growing U.S. hobby, boating. If his fancy was tickled, the U.S. consumer could even be tempted into buying 30 million hula hoops.

Innovate & Profit. For the business man with something truly different, new buying patterns promise fabulous profits. The sales magic in planned obsolescence has worn thin, consumers are increasingly wary of "new" models whose only visible changes are re-shuffled buttons and knobs, especially if the old models still work. Today's consumer demands something really different and in 1958 industry responded by spending \$10 billion on research and development in the hope of creating a benign circle of economic activity: the exciting demand for new products creates employment, which in turn results in more money for more workers to buy still more goods. "The more we get," says Curtis C. Rogers of the Market Research Corp. of America, "the more we are willing to work to get still more."

The fact that 15,121 trademarks were registered in 1958 was one measure of industry's drive to innovate. Westinghouse is testing an ultrasonic dishwasher that knocks off dirt with sound waves, an electronic hostess cart that can be wheeled



to any part of the house, a refrigerating system to make the old box obsolete by providing separate drawers for meat, dairy products, vegetables, each with its own temperature adjustment.

Even arms spending is bringing great benefits to consumers. In 1953 the commercial jet age was born out of the Air Force bombers. In fiscal 1959 the U.S. will spend an increasing amount as much as \$4 billion, on electronic controls and gadgets of all kinds for the new family of missiles and space probes. Out of this vast spending already have come miniature electronic brains and controls for machines, and a whole new family of electric civilian devices. Transistors and other semiconductors are as useful in pocket radios and TV sets as in missiles.

How eagerly the U.S. consumer greets an exciting new product was witnessed by Chicago's Motorola Inc., one of the first to jump into the market for stereophonic phonographs in 1958. The company put on sale a portable stereo set priced at \$159.95, hoped to sell 8,000 units by Christmas. Actual total: 72,000 sets. Next year Motorola will spend \$12 million on advertising its products, and thinks that stereo, which can run to \$2,000 a set, may turn into as big a bonanza as TV.

Luxury & Convenience. No one learned the lessons of innovation better than the nation's butchers, bakers and grocers. People tend to think of food as a standard, largely static item. But in 1958's new economy, nearly 30% of the products sold were not available in their present form at the end of World War II. By offering the consumer a constant parade of new ways to spend money on food, the industry has managed to keep the same 26% of the consumer's dollar over the years. So successful was the campaign that in 1958 U.S. housewives boosted the national food budget 9% to an all-time record \$79 billion. "The U.S. woman," says Lansing Shield, president of the 438-store Grand Union chain, "has exchanged her place by the stove for the driver's seat of a car." She loaded her shopping bag with such convenience items as instant coffee (\$375 million in 1958) and frozen precooked foods (\$815 million). The trend is to ever bigger markets with ever more products to sell. This year Shield opened six stores of the future that stock 45,000 items, all sold at discount prices. All are well ahead of their break-even sales point in their very first year, says Shield. "The typical supermarket sells 800 non-food items, but why draw the line at 800? Why not offer the customer everything she uses regularly in her home? We will add items until the consumer tells us to stop."

Wages v. Productivity. The shifts in consumer spending were rough on many industries. Led by the drop in autos, durable goods slipped 17.8% at the worst point of the recession. Unemployment, concentrated largely in manufacturing industries, reached a peak of 3,537,000 in June, was 7.6% of the work force in August. Paradoxically, hourly wages in manufacturing went up (2.6% to \$2.13 per hour) and proved still another point about the new U.S. economy. Though



GRAND UNION'S SHIELD IN PARAMUS, N.J. SUPER-SUPERMARKET
The customer has not yet told him to stop.

Ed Pantow

businessmen were in the best bargaining position in years they did not use the recession as a club over labor. Instead, they took the long view and often avoided cutting payrolls as sharply as the facts might have justified. They even granted pay increases on the bright hope for the future rather than on the dark facts of the moment. This did not mean that management suddenly grew soft, acting together for the first time: the auto industry was willing to take a strike rather than give in to what it called the United Auto Workers' excessive demands for a 35c-to-45c package increase. But when the walkout was settled, both management and union agreed that the contract was a fair one.

What encouraged businessmen most of all during the slide was the surprising jump in productivity. In 1957 manufacturing productivity rose hardly at all. In 1958 productivity jumped around 5% to 7%, and thus outran wage increases for the first time since 1955. Not only had companies mechanized and automated to cut down rising labor costs, but many a laborer, mindful of the rising jobless, had proved more worthy of his hire.

Service, Please. The new machines meant that many workers laid off during recession might not get their old jobs back. In November 1957 automakers turned out 579,000 cars with 637,000 production workers. Last November the work force was down to 400,000, but Detroit produced 500,000 cars and figured to increase that total to 550,000 units in December with the same number of workers.

But automation did not consign the laid-off worker to the ranks of the unemployed permanently. In the new economy, he must just do something else. A major effect of the recession was to accelerate the long-term trend from manufacturing to the service industries, where consumer spending was growing at the rate of \$6 billion a year. Since the U.S. has more autos, planes and boats, more restaurants and hotels, more roads, toll gates and

public conveniences of all kinds, it takes more and more workers to tend them. At the turn of the century manufacturing employed nearly 50% of all nontarm workers. Today, the proportion is only 30%, and employment in the service industries is far more stable than in manufacturing. Says Economist Gabriel Hauge, onetime adviser to President Eisenhower and now chairman of Manufacturers Trust Co.'s finance committee: "The shift from manufacturing to services is comparable to the shift in the American economy in the 19th century from agriculture to manufacturing."

On to 1959. At the end of 1958 the U.S. was well on its way out of recession. Gross national product was clipping along at \$453 billion annually, a new record, and industrial production was back up to 142 on FRB's index, only four points below the alltime peak. Where to in 1959? As usual, the forecasters see clearly for six months: a gradual, continuing recovery without explosive boom. Says Louis J. Paradiso, chief statistician for the Commerce Department, "1959 will be moderate. The graph will go back to saucer form. The momentum of the recovery will show a very good rate of increase in the first half, with the second half showing no acceleration."

Gross national product will probably rise \$10 billion in each of the first two quarters, then flatten out to end the year around \$480 billion for a 6% increase. Inventories have already reached bottom, will slowly be rebuilt. Businessmen are once again increasing their outlays for plants. Forecast up \$1 billion to \$1.1 billion, says A.T. & T. President Kappel, who will add \$2 billion to the \$2.2 billion he laid out last year. "When the recession came along, we had to decide whether to trim capital expenditures as in past recessions. We felt sure that renewed growth was coming, so instead of cutting down drastically—which would only mean having to race the motor later to catch up—

we went ahead and proceeded to build quite a lot of useful margin into our plant."

As industry after industry picks up speed, industrial production will climb up to its prerecession peak. Items:

¶ Steel will average 70% of capacity in 1959, says Jones & Laughlin's President Avery C. Adams. He figures a steady rise to 91% of capacity in the second quarter, total production of 115 million tons, "and

J. & L. will do better than these rates."

¶ Aluminum, which dropped 8% in 1958, will increase shipments by about 20% to 2,100,000 tons next year, says Alcoa Market Researcher E. M. Strauss Jr., who foresees expanding markets in the auto industry, containers and construction.

¶ Appliances will have a banner year, with sales up 5% to more than 15 million units, says President Judson Sayre of Borg-Warner's Norge Division. The

industry will sell 16% more automatic washers, 8.5% more clothes dryers, 3.6% more refrigerators.

¶ Electronics will do better still, says Motorola Executive Vice President Edward R. Taylor, who forecasts a 13% gain in TV sets, another 9% gain in radios. Biggest jump: the new stereophonic sets, which will climb from 750,000 units in '58 to better than 3,000,000 next year.

The industry that could turn the economy's slow growth into a gallop is autos, where the potential market is bigger than at any time since record 1935. What gives automobility heart is the low level of consumer debt and the prospect of a big increase next year. One of the axioms of the new economics—and the exact opposite of the copybook maxims—is that rising consumer debt is a sign of prosperity, expanding in times of optimism, contracting in times of doubt. With recession in 1958, consumers paid off \$1 billion in auto debts, the highest repayment since World War II. Now, with recovery, they should be in the mood to borrow for cars again. While predictions are for a 5,500,000-car year, automakers think they may do a lot better. One hopeful sign at year's end: cars were selling at a far faster clip than a year ago, when Detroit was already beginning to trim production to match falling sales.

Employment Up, Prices Down. A problem for 1959 that may take longer to solve is unemployment, which will probably stay at around 4,125,000 during the winter months, then start decreasing toward 2,500,000, which is considered about minimum unemployment. "We'll pick them up all right," says Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics Ewan Clague, "but it will take us most of 1959 to do it." Part of the reason is industry's rising productivity, which is expected to continue to rise smartly next year, and which in turn will hold down prices. Inflation showed up in almost every speech by leading economists in 1958, but not in prices. There was little doubt that rising costs, high demands, and big Government spending had woven some inflation permanently into the economy. The big question is: Can it be held in check, particularly since the budget will show another big deficit?

In the current Government fiscal year, the red ink will be about \$12 billion; though President Eisenhower plans to present a balanced budget to Congress for the year beginning July 1, the outlook still is for a deficit of upwards of \$3 billion. This may well be trimmed as Government income rises with business. Few economists believe that inflation can be ended, harring a depression, since a rising price level has been with mankind since the dawn of time, and is almost inevitable in a dynamic economy. The problem is to keep it within bounds—under a 1% price rise per year. In 1958 prices did not rise even that much. The forecast is that they will remain stable in 1959.

Another question mark for 1959 is the state of the nation's foreign trade. To the delight of foreign countries, the new economy's huge purchases keep imports at record rates, though exports plummeted

BANK MERGER

J. P. Morgan Joins with Guaranty Trust



BANKER ALEXANDER

SINCE 1823 the most famed address in the U.S. financial world has been "The Corner" at 23 Wall Street, home of the House of Morgan. From The Corner last week came news that J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc. will merge with Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, provided the trustbusters approve, to form the fourth largest bank in the U.S., with resources of \$4 billion, capital funds of more than \$500 million.

Though J. P. Morgan is synonymous with big banking, the Morgan bank is actually only 22nd in the U.S., with deposits of \$790.8 million; the Guaranty is ninth, with deposits of \$2.5 billion. The merger, said Morgan Board Chairman Henry Clay Alexander, 56, will enable both banks "to serve our clients' increasing needs and our country's growth even better." The merger was characterized in Wall Street as "Jonah swallowing the whale," since Alexander will be chairman and chief executive officer of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. of New York; Guaranty President Dale E. Sharp, 55, becomes president.

Two from One. Though other banks have outstripped J. P. Morgan & Co. in total deposits, it has never lost the patrician air of leadership it gained virtually at its founding in 1802. It still does what the elder J. Pierpont Morgan called "only a first-class business and that in a first-class way," serving such blue-chip firms as Du Pont, General Motors, International Harvester, American Telephone & Telegraph and U.S. Steel, many of which it had a hand in building. The bank began by marketing U.S. railroad securities abroad, took the lead in consolidating and merging railroads toward the turn of the century. From 23 Wall Street the elder J. P. Morgan stopped a run on the U.S. Treasury in 1895 by putting up gold for the Treasury, quelled the panic in 1907 by forcing leading bankers

to produce enough cash to shore up shaky New York banks, put together a number of independent companies in 1901 to form the \$1.4 billion United States Steel Corp. During World War I J. P. Morgan & Co. was the banker for the British government, raised \$3 billion to buy war supplies.

In 1933, when the Federal Banking Act compelled the separation of investment and commercial banking, J. P. Morgan Jr. elected to continue in commercial banking; his son formed the investment house of Morgan Stanley & Co.

The Country Cousin. Morgan & Co. has left the elder Morgan's imperiousness far behind. It is a publicly held corporation, owned by 3,070 stockholders who saw their stock rise from \$345 to \$195 in the over-the-counter market when the merger news was announced (one share of Morgan for 4.4 of Morgan Guaranty). Under able Chairman Alexander, the bank has made no bones about its competitiveness, trains young men nicknamed "bird dogs" to go out and hunt for business. For the Guaranty Trust, one of the impelling reasons for the merger was to get Morgan's bright young executives.

Alexander is not the Eastern, blue-blooded banker once associated with the idea of Morgan & Co. He was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., son of a grain and feed merchant, went to Vanderbilt (1925) and Yale Law School. He worked on Morgan affairs as a partner of the giant Wall Street law firm of Davis Polk, so impressed J. P. Morgan Jr. that he became a Morgan partner in 1930. He became chairman in 1955, with a reputation for topflight banking and for building Morgan's staff. In line with Morgan's new look, Alexander does a lot of traveling, tells prospects: "When you decide to borrow money, do not forget your country cousin at 23 Wall."

from a peak annual rate of \$20.5 billion in 1957 to \$16.6 billion the first half of 1958. Gold flowed out of the U.S. at such a rate that there was talk of a flight from the dollar. While exaggerated the talk underlined the fact that foreign companies are engaged in a vast modernization program, which, with lower labor costs, will give them a double advantage on world markets. Warren Alfred C. Neal, president of the Committee for Economic Development: "For the past 30 years, the U.S. has been blessed in that we never had to worry about our balance of payments. But if this keeps up, we may lose important foreign markets which we vitally need."

Go West and Up. None of the problems are so difficult that businessmen, with work, can not solve them. Looking ahead, the U.S. can thank its lucky stars for a technology that as yet knows no bounds, and for an economy growing enough to absorb its enormous production. Every businessman knows the long-term statistics: an exploding population, already past 175 million, that will grow to 190 million by 1965, and will probably surpass 200 million by the year 1970. By 1965, say economists, gross national product will hit a fantastic \$600 billion, and beyond that they dare not hazard a guess.

The U.S. can already see the future in capsule form on its own West Coast. In 1958 the migration of 500,000 people to California alone was an economic jack that meant money in the bank houses on the hill. Along the mist-shrouded shoreline of San Francisco, Retailer Levi Strauss is finishing a \$1,000,000 face lifting, and Strauss executives have moved into their penthouse suites alongside the employees' new cafeteria and sun roof; half a block away, the \$10 million Crown Zellerbach building is getting a concrete coat for its 20-story steel skeleton; across the bay in Oakland, a \$45 million Kaiser Center building reaches for the sky. Off the new freeways, snorting earth movers rip away the brown hills to continue the march of suburbia. Business activity in the Bay Area for the year broke all records; construction was up 17% to \$633 million in the first ten months alone; and for the whole of California, personal income at \$46.15 billion topped 1957's record by a fat \$1.1 billion.

No wonder Pacific Gas & Electric Chairman James B. Black could look around and say, "It would be difficult indeed not to be encouraged. We will have a population of 30 million for our Western region by 1975, some 14 million more than at present. There are only ten countries in the world with a greater number of people. Only six countries have a greater area, and possibly fewer still have greater natural resources. We still have far to go. But our industrial horizons are broader than much of the nation yet realizes."

What Chairman Black said about the West could also be said of the entire U.S. The nation is only just beginning to understand its new economic strength. Some time in 1959 the U.S. will undoubtedly send a rocket to the moon. But when it gets there, the Bull may well be on his way to Venus.

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89811

Love Letters to Rambler



Paul Cerny

"Have Rambler, Can
Travel" is the motto
Mr. Paul Cerny, of
Santa Clara, Calif.,
has posted on the
tailgate of his Ram-
bler station wagon—
V-8 with overdrive.

Senior Technician for the Sylvania
Electronic Defense Lab, he writes
about a vacation in Wyoming:

"V-8 GAS MILEAGE ... 23.5 M.P.G."

"We gave the Rambler
considerable punishment on
rough, muddy, 'back country'
roads. Rambler is the ideal
traveling car, bar none...
riding comfort, roadability,
and our savings due to gas
mileage of 23.5 m.p.g. on
the V-8 made it an economical
trip, plus all that horse-
power available when a power
need is called for. Our
Rambler is our 8th American
Motors product since 1946.
We have a little Metropolitan as
our second car. We call it
our little gas saver."

Now see the new V-8 from America's
#1 sales success—the Rambler Rebel
for 1959! Livelier 215 HP performance
with
top V-8 economy. Save
up to \$214
on original
cost alone
compared to
other leading low-priced V-8s. High-
est resale. Easiest to handle. Go
Rambler Rebel V-8!



TIME
is for people
who are excited
about tomorrow.

CINEMA

CHOICE FOR 1958

American

The Enemy Below. One of the best movies ever made about naval warfare—the story of a duel between a U.S. destroyer escort (Robert Mitchum) and a German sub (Curt Jürgens) in the South Atlantic (TIME, Jan. 13).

The High Cost of Loving. A gentle little satire on the suburban manners and office morals of a company man, recession phase, charmingly played and directed by José Ferrer (TIME, March 24).

The Hot Spell. A lower-middle-class family washes its dirty linen in public—a fine piece of domestic realism, knowingly directed by Daniel Mann, feely played by Shirley Booth and Anthony Quinn (TIME, June 23).

The Goddess. Paddy Chayefsky's ferocious satire against the American Way of Life is crude, unfair, sometimes simply dull, but it has the power of righteous anger and the services of a richly gifted actress, Kim Stanley (TIME, July 7).

The Key. The masterly exposition of a heroic myth, extricated by Scriptwriter Carl Foreman from a second-rate sea novel by Jan de Hartog (TIME, July 14).

The Defiant Ones. The chain that links two escaped convicts, a white man (Tony Curtis) and a black (Sidney Poitier), comes to signify, as Stanley Kramer's melodrama rises to its climax and its moral, the tie that binds all men to one another (TIME, Aug. 25).

Me and the Colonel. Danny Kaye, in his first serious role, proves in some ways funnier than ever, and S. N. Behrman's screenplay is a graceful example of galloping humor (TIME, Sept. 1).

The Big Country. The year's best western; directed by William Wyler, starring Gregory Peck (TIME, Sept. 8).

Damn Yankees. The year's best musical—though certainly not a great one; directed by George Abbott and Stanley Dohen, starring Gwen Verdon (TIME, Sept. 29).

Foreign

Pather Panchali. Satyajit Ray, in his first picture, has made a film poem of Indian life, the year's most richly and sensitively imagined work of cinematic art (TIME, Oct. 20).

The Horse's Mouth. Joyce Cary's hymn to hohemia, as Alec Guinness bellows it forth in his best wiskey tenor, makes the year's best British comedy (TIME, Nov. 24).

He Who Must Die. Jules Dassin (*Rififi*) has made a magnificent cinematic adaptation of *The Greek Passion*, Nikos Kazantzakis' novel about a modern imitation of Christ (*see below*).

The New Pictures

Bell, Book and Candle (Phoenix; Columbia). John Van Druten's comedy about the contemporary prevalence of witches cast enough of a spell on theatergoers to give it a six-month run on

Broadway. But somewhere between Broadway and Hollywood the broomstick broke down. Like the play, the picture is about a beautiful witch (Kim Novak) who decides to exchange catnip and gramarye for love and marriage, and about the man (James Stewart) she sets out to enchant. The part is almost perfectly written for Actress Novak. The script quickly announces that as a witch she is not supposed to blush, cry, or indeed have very much expression at all. But when the heroine suddenly changes into a woman in love, Kim's expression changes so little that the spectator may find him-



NOVAK & STEWART IN "BELL"
Which was witch?

self wondering which was witch. And Actor Stewart seems to be overwhelmed by Actress Novak's example. As the bewitched hero, he stumbles around most of the time with a vaguely blissful expression—rather like a comic-strip character who has just been socked by Popeye.

Fortunately, the supporting cast is unusually strong. Hermione Gingold and Elsa Lanchester make a couple of hilariously weird sisters, and Ernie Kovacs has some wonderful moments as a subnormal supernaturalist.

He Who Must Die [Kosler] is one of the most powerful religious statements the screen has made in many a year. The fact has its ironic implications. The man who made the film, a 46-year-old New Yorker named Jules Dassin, was blacklisted in Hollywood after a witness told a congressional investigating committee that he was a Communist. When he worked in the U.S., Dassin was regarded as nothing more than a capable technician of suspense (*Naked City*, *Brute Force*). *Rififi*, a thriller he made in France after five years without work, revealed him as a superb one. *He Who Must Die*, made in Crete with French capital, suggests that Director Dassin may in fact be a broadly and intensely gift-

ed artist, one of the best in the film business.

His picture is based on *The Greek Passion*, a novel of spiritual ideas and earthy instances (TIME, Jan. 11, 1954), in which Nikos Kazantzakis retold the story of Christ's Passion as a modern occasion. The scene is set in a Greek village that has grown rich and careful under the tolerant Turkish dominion. As the story begins, everybody in town crowds into the tiny church to hear the priest appoint the leading parts in a Passion play,* to be presented on the following Easter. The choices are almost too shrewd. Mary Magdalen is the village whore, Judas is a well-known hell raiser and general bad lot. St. Peter is the village postman, St. John is the gentle, warmhearted son of the richest man in town. Christ is a shepherd, a stammering and shy man, pure and natural in character but illiterate and naive.

The actors, unsophisticated souls, are overwhelmed at the thought of the parts they must play. They feel a painful sense of unworthiness. But they have been elected to a task more terrible than they imagine. Suddenly it happens that these latter-day saints are called upon to play their roles in real life.

The survivors of a Turkish massacre, a rout of starving Christians, come staggering into the town square. "We need land," their priest implores, "Land in which to put forth roots! Give us your wasteland . . ." But the priest of the village, fearing the wrath of the Turk, drives them away into the hills, where in desperation they decide to settle, even if it means to starve. Many of the villagers are shocked by the priest's un-Christian gesture, but only the actors, who have a special reason to be mindful of their spiritual responsibilities, are moved to offer Christian charity. Three of the appointed saints are caught stealing grain for the refugees. The St. John cries out in their behalf: "If Jesus returned to earth, he would be crucified again." The Christ dies for them.

The film is fidgety with small faults. Yet all the faults are defects of execution, not of conception, and though they tend to slubber the texture of the film, they do not impair its intensity and radiance. The actors, with few exceptions, seem to have been struck, like the actors in the story, with the moral and spiritual challenge of their roles; they play with a plain honesty that compels belief, even in some highly improbable scenes. Even the villagers whom Dassin hired as extras seem to have been caught up in the general fervor: the mass scenes, shot against the bright, Biblical bareness of the Cretan hills, are perhaps the most spontaneous and exciting since the street riots in *Open City*. But in frame after frame what strikes the senses and the spirit most powerfully is the raw, unmitigated light that streams from the screen, as if from the incandescent core of an essential religious experience.

* For news of another sort of Passion-play story, *see* BOOKS.

Publisher's Note—This is an advertisement, but one of such unusual character we are glad to be a sponsor of it.

Persuaders in the Public Interest

The story of a little-known band of men and women
who created a Hundred Million Dollar
Non-Profit Trust that works for the public good

By JASON WEEMS



Last summer, a father, driving his vacationing family through one of our great national forests, pulled up for the view where a

mountain road looked down on a deep, wooded canyon.

Filling his pipe, he flared a kitchen match with his thumbnail, in the Western manner.

"Hey, Pop," cried his eight-year-old son, "don't throw that match out the window, break it. You know what Smokey the Bear says."

Smokey has been urging people to take such precautions against starting forest fires for 16 years. You've probably seen his messages on posters, on TV, or in print. Or heard them on the radio.

Smokey, who now lives in the Washington, D. C., zoo, was a real-life bear cub. A forest ranger found him wandering in the smoke of a forest fire which had consumed his mother. Advertising men dressed him up in print as a forest ranger and made him the greatest fire fighter of them all.

As a result of his efforts, the U.S. Forest Service estimates that, since 1942, 600,000 forest fires *did not start*; 260 million acres of timber *did not burn*; and nearly 10 billion dollars of damage *was not done!*

Who Made Smokey a Hero Fire Fighter?

Smokey got his start in the fire-fighting business in 1942 when the U.S. Forest Service called for help from a unique business organization called The Advertising Council.

You've probably never heard of The Advertising Council, but it is unlikely that a day passes in which you are not exposed to the persuasive messages, prepared and disseminated under its auspices, on the air or in print. This is a good thing for you, and for your country.

It all started when an advertising man had lunch with a Princeton professor and three officers of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. This was in the spring of 1941.

The Adman Stuck His Neck Out

The professor was doing research in communications under a Rockefeller grant, so the lunch table talk naturally turned to the art, or science, of communication. That was when the adman stuck his neck out.

He said all foundations were making two mistakes in policy. First, they spent most of their money on the *increase* of knowledge and very little on the distribution of it. Sec-

ond, when they did spend money on the distribution of knowledge, they used old-fashioned horse-and-buggy methods, and ignored the modern high-speed effectiveness of motion pictures, broadcasting, and advertising.

Seeing a responsive gleam in the eyes of the late, great Dr. Alan Gregg, world-wide student of medical problems for the Rockefeller Foundation, the advertising man went on to elaborate his idea in terms of what advertising could do to spread new medical knowledge among all the people.

Persuasion for the Public Welfare

His convictions, widely shared by many advertising men at that time, boiled down to this:

1. American advertising facilities and techniques had become the most effective means for the communication of new knowledge, and for persuasion to use it, which the world had ever seen.
2. This means of communication could be used just as effectively in the public interest as it was being used in the private interest.
3. Advertising being a communication facility developed by business, business itself might well consider making it available for public welfare projects and organizations.

Out of these convictions The Advertising Council was born in November.

TURN PAGE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Jason Weems is the pen name for one of America's most versatile men. He has been successful as a Bible salesman, a printer, an advertising writer, a book and magazine publisher, a government official, the head of a social science research laboratory and consultant to a large foundation. He is the author of several books.

ber, 1941. Its initial organizers and financial supporters were the six official organizations of national advertisers, of magazine, newspaper, radio, and outdoor media owners, and of advertising agencies.

It had barely been organized when it was called upon to play a greater role than any of its founders had envisioned.

The Stab in the Back

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. A country at war found itself faced with vast new problems which could be met only with the cooperation of all the people.

Scrap metals, rubber and paper were needed in vast quantities, and they had to be gathered up from every farmyard and city cellar.

Fats and wheat had to be saved to send to our allies.

War Bonds had to be sold. Merchant seamen, WACS, WAVES, and nurses had to be recruited.

Victory gardens had to be planted. Altogether, before the war was over, civilians had to be persuaded to do more than one hundred things like this.

Great Britain, faced with the same problems, had turned to paid government advertising to help solve them. This made the government by far the biggest, and almost the only, advertiser in the country. Some felt

this was a potential threat to freedom of the press.

America Chose a Better Way

Our government turned to the newly formed Advertising Council, which quickly became the War Advertising Council.

The Council called for volunteers. Advertising agencies supplied talented people to prepare the messages needed. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, radio stations, and outdoor poster companies supplied advertising time and space to carry the messages to the country.

All these interests responded through the War Advertising Council. America responded to the messages.

By the end of the war, more than *One Billion Dollars'* worth of government messages had been published and broadcast as a contribution of American business to the war effort.

The results proved what advertising men had long believed: that advertising could as effectively inform and persuade people to act in the public interest as it had in their private interest.

Waging the Peace

When the war ended, many in the War Advertising Council thought its usefulness was over. There were more who felt that the instrument of public information, which the Council had created, was far too valuable to be reserved for war.

The government still had jobs of public information which needed doing... such as forest fire prevention, and the sale of Savings Bonds; and there was the original Council concept of broad public service such as assisting the work of the Red Cross, CARE, March of Dimes, the National Safety Council, and many others. The word "War" was dropped from the name, and The Advertising Council continued. But here it faced a new problem.

Who Decides What's in the Public Interest?

Under the imperatives of war there was no question about what projects the Council should undertake, but when it came to non-governmental organizations and non-war projects of government departments, who was to determine which ones were in the public interest?

The businessmen who were the financial supporters and operators of

the Council's facilities did not feel it was in the public interest that they alone should decide such questions.

As a result, a Public Policy Committee was created. This was a group of 20 of America's most distinguished citizens with backgrounds and experience in various areas of American life. One of the first to accept an invitation to serve was Dr. Alan Gregg, who remembered the luncheon where he first heard how advertising might help solve some health problems.

On this page you'll find a list of the men and women who serve, without pay, on this Public Policy Committee. They are drawn from business, labor, education, agriculture, the religions, medicine and public affairs. They represent no one but themselves and the best interests of their country, as they see them.

When a project is presented for The Advertising Council's support, the Board of Directors first decides whether or not it can benefit from broad national advertising. If they decide it can, it goes to the Public Policy Committee which votes on whether or not it is important in the public interest. The Public Pol-

Public Policy Committee of The Advertising Council

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"42 years with chalk on my sleeve"

The story of a man who was a national hero for 42 years and never knew ill



AMERICAN LEADERSHIP DEPENDS ON FIRST RATE SCHOOLS

BETTER SCHOOLS—In 1939, State School Committees increased in numbers and Parent-Teachers Association membership rose. Citizens concern about our schools and what they teach is at a new high level.

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PLACE. BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Ad from the current Treasury Bond campaign. Started at the outset of World War II, it is the oldest continuing campaign on the Council's docket.

icy Committee must approve the project by a three-fourths vote before the Council will tackle it.

What Kind of Projects Are Approved?

Since the War, The Advertising Council, with the approval of the Public Policy Committee, has presented numerous national problems for your information and consideration, and programs for your support and action.

There are emergency programs, such as appeals of the Red Cross for disaster funds.

There are periodic programs, such as the one called "Religion in American Life", which reminds you of the

strength to be drawn from attendance at your church or synagogue. (Gallup polls have shown a steady increase in attendance at religious services since this program started.)

Other programs, such as Forest Fire Prevention, have been continuous over a period of years. One is the Stop Accidents campaign for the National Safety Council. It has helped bring the traffic toll to a new low per vehicle-miles traveled. Still another is the drive for Better Schools, which has stimulated formation of State School Committees, and increased membership in Parent-Teachers Associations. Result: citizen concern about our schools and what they teach is at a new high level.

One of the largest and oldest is the campaign in support of the U. S. Treasury for the sale of Savings Bonds. You have probably responded to both your own and your country's benefit.

Doesn't Wait to be Asked

When the Council sees a developing national need which calls for the help of better public information, it tries to get a program started.

A recent example was creating and getting support for a program of "Confidence in a Growing America" in the spring of 1958. Twenty million dollars' worth of advertising time and space told Americans why they were justified in having such confidence. This helped avert the development of a "depression" psychology. Government, economic and business leaders say it helped reverse the downswing of last spring.

More Than 100 Million Dollars a Year

Altogether, the programs of The Advertising Council get more than 100 million dollars' worth of support every year.

The support comes from American corporations, large and small. It comes from owners of magazines, newspapers, television and radio stations, outdoor and transit advertising facilities. It comes from the volunteered talent of America's leading advertising agencies.

Most of it is represented by donations of advertising time and space. But there's also cash to support the necessary staff work of the Council and some of the programs it originates.

A great deal of it results from the devoted services of a group of some 70 of America's leading corporation officers who serve the Council, without pay, as its Industries Advisory Committee.

The next time you hear from Smokey the Bear, you might like to remember the uniquely American institution that put the words in his mouth for the good of us all.

The Advertising Council demonstrates by actions, not words, the social responsibility of American business and the power of advertising in the public interest.

Even more important, it has proved that Americans will move to solve the problems of their society with intelligence, sacrifice, and courage whenever they are adequately informed of these problems and persuaded that they need solving.



Traffic fatality rate reduced 40%



Public interest in schools greatly increased



Ownership of U.S. Savings Bonds at all-time high



Church and synagogue attendance rises



Help to stop depression psychology



Annual Campaign during March drive



Promotes greater public understanding



Good Neighborhoods are our Nation's strength



Aided the attack on paralytic polio



To combat crisis in colleges



Helps 2100 United Funds and Community Chests



Register, Vote and Contribute



Religious overtures and through three major faiths



"Truth Dollars" for Radio Free Europe



The Advertising Council . . . for public service

If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write for a free booklet to The Advertising Council, 25 W. 45th St., New York 36, New York.

BOOKS

Mystery Mosaic

MANUEL THE MEXICAN [370 pp.]—Carlo Caccioli—Simon & Schuster [\$4.50].

Nineteen hundred years after Christ was crucified outside Jerusalem, a Mexican child whose father was a man named José and whose mother was called María de Jesús was born in a mulecart at Tepoztlán, an Indian village between the capital and Cuernavaca. His mother had him christened Manuel.

Twenty-one years later, on Good Fri-



Redolish

NOVELIST CACCIOLI

On the Via Dolorosa, a paper beard.

day, 1954, Manuel was crucified on a hill outside Tlaltemalco. He had been scourged; real thorns bloodied his head; those about the cross wore armor—not of Roman soldiers but such as Cortes' men had worn when he brought the cross and sword to Mexico 435 years before. It was the annual Passion play[®] of Tlaltemalco and there were tourists, who did not fail to note that Manuel's beard was paper. It came unstuck and fell off somewhere along his Via Dolorosa.

It is the contention of Italian Novelist Carlo Caccioli that both events—Passion and Passion play—had an identical reality for the witnesses. In the modern world, argues Caccioli, an Oberammergau can only be a charade; since the Middle Ages, it is only in a place like Indian Mexico, with its hallucinatory sense of time, where past and present are meaningless, that the supernatural can be accepted as reality and the actual world as an illusion.

More than a Puzzle. Author Caccioli has told the life and death of Indians of Tepoztlán, which parallels the Gospels in

elaborate detail. Skill, insight and a rich, image-decked style make this chronicle more than a theological teaser or a jigsaw puzzle about just which Biblical figure is lurking under what sombrero. Caccioli has achieved a mosaic of miniatures in which the state of Morelos is the Kingdom of Judaea, and in which the pre-Columbian pantheon is transfigured to decorate a Christian altarpiece. Caccioli has leaped over the two stumbling blocks—banality and blasphemy—that beset the path of those who would compete with the Evangelists. He speaks through the mouth of one of his characters, a scholar who has studied the case of Manuel: "The Lord who knows the bottom of our Mexican souls knows that I am not blaspheming."

In novelist Caccioli's Mexico, pagantry of gods and devils makes a public matter of the dramas of the heart, and Christ must compete with old idols. In a thousand villages the Aztec gods—whose shrines were toppled by the conquistadors—are remembered by the defeated. Ancient drums as well as bells sound from the church tops. In such a world, Manuel the Mexican came naturally by his belief that Tepozteco, lord of his race was also Christ, and that Tonantzin, the Aztec Virgin, was also Christ's mother.

Intoxicated by God. His story is told in terms of a quest by the novelist for the heart of Manuel's mystery. Manuel's father worked on the coffee finca of Werner Poncet, a German planter of perverted tastes. After José had killed a man with a machete and in turn been murdered, María took flight from this Mexican Egypt to give birth to Manuel. From infancy he is one apart. He has a "disease," not quite epilepsy, but something that sometimes makes him unaware of things around him. At nine he whittles a wooden nail to wound his palm. He smears himself with pig's blood. In episodes intended to echo Jesus' sojourn in the temple, he learns the ancient Nahuatl language and mythology.

One day he meets his John the Baptist, a peddler named Guadalupe, a fanatical *Cristero* veteran of Mexico's religious wars. They wander among shrines and through deserts until the boy becomes convinced that it is his destiny to unite in his person Christ and the Lord Tepozteco. The Passion play at Tlaltemalco gives him his opportunity, and he enters the village on Palm Sunday, riding a Chevrolet.

For some readers, at least, *Manuel the Mexican* will be a memorable tour de force. Novelist Caccioli is able to evoke the "malicious torpor" of the bizarre Mexican scene more brilliantly than anyone since Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, which was the story of a man to whom drink was a religion. Caccioli succeeds in the more difficult story of a man intoxicated by God. His complicated moral seems to be that sanctity is inviolable, that revelation is continuous, that time present is time past, and that, whether or not Christ is also the Lord Tepozteco, it is unarguable that God is also Dios.

Women & Geoffrey Bliss

ASK ME NO MORE [375 pp.]—Pamela Frankau—Harper [\$3.95].

This novel has more combinations than the daily double. Against a quarter-century backdrop (1305 to mid-'50s) are staged three separate plots: 1) the life and loves of Geoffrey Bliss, a brittle-witted English playwright and "four-letter person"; 2) the struggle of adulterous peerness; 3) straightforward secretary to find bliss with Bliss; 4) the ten-and-sympathy schooling by the secretary of Geoffrey's sexually insecure son Ludovic, whose mother is the peerness.

As might be guessed, British Author Pamela Frankau, 50, belongs to the Elizabethan-theatre school of fiction: the narrative flow consists in keeping the characters' daydream life one jump ahead of baying reality. She succeeds; artifice mimics art, animation apes life, but the entertainment, most of the time is real.

Heroine Alex Wharton is an aspiring girl who leaves her father, a devout, unassuming Church of England priest, for the dazzling world of the London theater. Inevitably, Alex steps through Playwright Bliss's looking glass, when she goes to work for him as his secretary. Bliss is an *homme fatal*, one of those men three-quarters of whose present consists of past. But Alex keeps calm till Geoffrey casts a luscious peerness, Lady Perdita Carne, in his medieval spectacle play *Ludovic II*. The soap operatics of *Ask Me No More* are made palatable by a knowing re-creation of the London theater, lively dialogue that is often outrageously punny ("Anouilh, set your gun"), and a couple of cocktail party scenes laced with name-dribbling comic horror. It may not be literature, but it is a fairly painless way to decompress, for an evening or two, from the TV hends.



Richard Meek

NOVELIST FRANKAU

In the looking glass, an *homme fatal*.

® For more of another sort of Passion-play story, see CINEMA.

God's Grumpy Man

LETTERS FROM HILAIRE BELLOC (312 pp.)—Edited by Robert Speaight—Macmillan [\$6].

"I myself write the best letters."

—Hilaire Belloc

These days, when getting a well-written letter in the mail is as rare as getting a refund from the tax collector, many readers will be happy to agree with Belloc's own estimate of himself. A self-described mixture of "Poverty, Papistry and Pug-nacity," Belloc (who died in 1933) had a solemn high literary funeral last year in an authorized biography (TIME, April 22, 1957). Biographer Speaight found leftover material too good to forget, notably a big bundle of crotchety letters—which are a long way from the sort of garrulous guff women still write to each other or the kind of bulletin businessmen confide to the uncritical tape.

One of the heavy toll charges Alexander Graham Bell levied for his invention was a minor art form: good letter writers have no telephone. Nor should they have much modesty. Belloc had neither. Instead he had wit and character. A grumpy, opinionated man ("I want to tell the new Pope one or two things. I hope he believes them"), he also had a well-polished ego, solid as a brass in a church door.

Poisonous Cads. As perhaps the ranking, and certainly the most rancorous, Roman Catholic man of letters in England, Belloc felt he was living in a "hostile society." Yet he confessed to an affection for England "so intense that it is actually physical" (despite the "bad cooking and the pro-bolshevik press"). When he wrote letters in verse to friends such as Diplomat-Poet Maurice Baring, he insisted that it was because he had no time to write prose. As he observed in his snaggly, almost indecipherable hand,

*Men that wish to write in furious haste
Use a typewriter, careless of good taste.*

A small group of Catholics, including Convert Gilbert Keith Chesterton, occasionally got the best of Belloc. To this elite, as he called them, Old Gunner Belloc (he had served in the French artillery) felt free to unlimber a bristling battery of high-caliber snarls against his numerous enemies. They included "poisonous cads" (British peers), "blundering savages and cosmopolitan riff raff" (Russian Communists), "filthy greasy hot Armenians," the "German herd [who] do not reason . . . that is why they take refuge in music," "eunuchs," like Thomas Carlyle, or "screaming Eunuchs," like Hitler, and of course, "damn fool Editors."

Wine Worship. As well he might, Belloc saw ruin coming to a divided Europe in the '20s and '30s. He was appalled by the Protestant aristocrats who ruled England's foreign policy and, he felt, knew nothing of the Catholic Continent. Things would have been different, he was sure, had the Stuarts kept their jobs. He decried also the English "illusion that the possession of wealth is an excellence, like courage, or charity." The U.S., where Bel-

loc was a successful lecturer, fared little better; he called it "an amiable and pleasant lunatic asylum."

There is a good deal of homiletics and political woe-crying in his later letters, but Belloc was seldom a bore. With his grave devotion to his religion went a fanatical belief in wine, which he liked to drink "to the Glory of God and the confusion of my enemies." He was not half-hearted in his piety toward the stuff. Off and on, over 20 years, he polished a poem in praise of wine. He found it a symbol of the good things of life denied by Puritan religions or by "Islam, furtive enemy of the soul." He said: "May I reach the Kitchen in Heaven and drink with St.



JAMES G. CLARK

In Heaven's Kitchen, a wine lover.

Christopher"—although he believed St. Christopher to be a "pure legend."

Belloc's faith shines through all his correspondence, but the special sparkle of the letters comes from Belloc's "great life-buoy of humour, which is a sort of sister or companion-aid to the Faith." In his gloomiest moods he could break off to twist a friend whom he had caught in a split infinitive:

*Go, get your little pot of glue
And mend the wretched creature, do.*

Kin to the Bat

WORDS FOR THE WIND (212 pp.)—Theodore Roethke—Doubleday [\$4].

*The shape of a rat?
It's bigger than that.
It's less than a leg
And more than a nose,
Just under the water
It usually goes.*

Like the rat in his incantatory verse, Theodore Roethke writes poetry in which the meaning is just beneath the surface, with only the end of its nose showing. Perhaps the best of the U.S. poetic gen-

eration that is wedged between the spare witticisms of Wallace Stevens and the distempered howls of Allen Ginsberg's Beat Generation, 50-year-old Poet Roethke has restored simplicity to the tortured, packed lines of U.S. moderns. He has brought back melody to a poetry that was becoming as labored and dissonant as the twelve-tone scale.

His father ran a greenhouse in Saginaw, Mich., and Roethke spent his childhood in the steaming, close atmosphere of growing things. Perhaps as a result, his imagery has an easy intimacy with slugs, birds, frogs, snakes, and in his deep disaffection for the world of men, he often seems happier to inhabit that simpler world. "I'm sure I've been a toad, one time or another," he writes. "With bats, weasels, worms—I rejoice in the kinship."

In years of teaching, most recently at the University of Washington, Roethke has apparently found little to change his mind. He has no use for rationalism ("that dreary shed, that hutch for grubby schoolboys") or for the machine-made world of organization men ("mutilated souls in cold morgues of obligation"). But to oppose them he offers nothing more than the slow, visceral, unthinking life of animal existence: "I care for a cat's cry and the hugs, live as water."

A big, lumbering hulk of a man, whose moods can range from desperate gaiety to black despondency, Roethke works slowly and painfully. This collection includes 34 new poems, written over the course of five years. Included is a series of love poems, a kind of epithalamium to his young wife, who was his student at Bennington. They are reminiscent in their intensity, in their bemused exploration of the interplay of passion and spiritual love, of the poems of John Donne.

Despite the simplicity of his syntax, Roethke is often as impenetrable as many another modern and lesser poet. If always seeming to promise more than any one poem entirely achieves, always seeming on the verge of breaking through his obscurities into the clear radiance of revelation, he still achieves more than most moderns can even hint at. His best lines have the directness of that other master of obscure simplicities, William Blake. Of hope: "My gates are all caves." Of love: "The pure admire the pure, and live alone: I love a woman with an empty face." Of the clear judgments of childhood:

*Scratched the wind with a stick.
The leaves liked it.
Do the dead bite?
Mamma, she's a sad fat.*

But in the end, Roethke leaves the reader unresolved, perhaps because he is himself unresolved. His perceptions, however exact, add up to no coherent whole. His despair, however moving, is still too personal to be shared. As he writes in one of his latest poems:

*Ghost cries out to ghost—
But who's afraid of that?
I fear those shadows most
That start from my own feet.*

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

For a selection of the year's best movies, see **CINEMA**.

TELEVISION

Wed., Dec. 24

Donna Reed Show (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Cheeps-faced clown Buster Keaton makes one of his rare appearances outside old movies. He plays a Santa Claus who puts hospitalized children in stitches.

Christmas (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Bishop Fulton J. Sheen explains the Nativity story to 20th century life. Services follow over ABC at 10:45 p.m. from Washington's Lutheran Church of the Reformation, which boasts one of the best choirs in the U.S.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). An uninterrupted plump pudding, with Actor Victor Jory reciting Dickens, Comedian Dick Van Dyke pantomiming tree decorators, Newscaster Douglas Edwards reading the New York Sun's 1897 editorial, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

St. Patrick's Cathedral (NBC, 12-1:45 a.m.). Midnight Mass from New York's best-known Roman Catholic church.

Thurs., Dec. 25

Washington Cathedral (NBC, 9-10 a.m.). Christmas Day services at the capital's leading Episcopal church.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Tchikovsky's delightful Christmas ballet, *The Nutcracker*, as staged by famed Choreographer George Balanchine. Along with 40 children, the dancers include 55 adult members of the New York City Ballet, led by Soloists Diana Adams and Allegra Kent. For viewers who need words as well, Actress June Lockhart narrates live and in color.

Fri., Dec. 26

Walt Disney Presents (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). The Hollywood Pied Piper's new *Story of Robin Hood*, filmed in authentic English underbrush with an all-English cast headed by Richard Todd as the harmless Hood. First of a two-part legend.

Sun., Dec. 28

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12). Nothing like a new look at the earth after Christmas, and this one is a fast summing up of what 10,000 scientists from 66 nations have learned during the International Geophysical Year.

Bishop Pike (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). The celebrated Protestant Episcopal churchman, who believes that man has trouble enough below, poses a good question: "Why go to the moon?" His guest: Chemist Linus Pauling.

The Year Gone By (CBS, 3:30-5:30 p.m.). A fat table of contents of U.S. life in 1958, as ticked off by eleven scenarists including Critic John Mason Brown, Editor Russell Lynes, Educator James B. Conant, Newscaster Howard K. Smith.

Kaleidoscope (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Eleven NBC correspondents flung in from the ends of the earth hold a round-table seminar of what goes from Washington to Moscow.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7). *Woodrow Wilson: The Fight for Peace*. A retelling of President Wilson's famed, los-

ing fight for the League of Nations. Narrator: Walter Cronkite.

The Chevy Chase (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). For the second time this year Dinah Shore presents Mike Nichols and Elaine May, the barstool-to-barstool comedy team and wittiest dialectical immaterialists in show business.

Mon., Dec. 29

Voice of Firestone (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). A sentimental musical journey through Manhattan night life, aided by Pianist Erroll Garner, Singers Eartha Kitt, Hildegarde, Bill Tabbert, and Opera Soprano Lisa Della Casa.

Desilu Playhouse (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Jo Van Fleet and Franchot Tone in an adaptation of Novelist Kay Boyle's *Crazy Hunter*, the story of a young girl's faith and patience in training a blind horse.

THEATER

On Broadway

J.B. Archibald MacLeish's re-enactment and restatement of the *Book of Job* is a generally impressive, often theatrically vibrant verse-play in which Job becomes a modern symbol of suffering. Despite shortcomings, the play represents an effort of a sort and size rare in today's U.S. theater. With Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, Raymond Massey, directed by Elia Kazan.

Flower Drum Song, Rodgers and Hammerstein's nicely acted, opulently staged, routinely smooth musical of San Francisco's Chinatown. With a couple of delightful Oriental dolls, Miyoshi Umeki and Pat Suzuki.

The Pleasure of His Company. As a prodigal father playing hob with his daughter's wedding plans, Cyril Richard is a superb specimen of a middle-aged infant terrible.

A Touch of the Poet. A garrulous, alcoholic innkeeper, his dream world gone awry, gives Playwright Eugene O'Neill an excuse for a little too much talk, but the evening still adds up to fine theater. With Eric Portman, Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley.

The Music Man. As jolly as Santa.

My Fair Lady. The girl with the ten-million-dollar smile (the estimated gross by year's end), and every penny well earned.

Two for the Seesaw. Two lonely people in New York's late and early light, too much in love—and a little too neurotic—to say good night. The entire cast: Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft.

On Tour

My Fair Lady in CHICAGO. **Music Man** in SAN FRANCISCO. **Two for the Seesaw** in CHICAGO are accurate echoes of the Broadway productions (see above).

Look Back in Anger. Ranting and raving with articulate and often artistic fury at just about everything Playwright John Osborne can think of. In WASHINGTON.

Sunrise at Campobello. Franklin D. Roosevelt's toughest years of personal or ordeal—from the day he contracted polio at Campobello to the day he nominated Al Smith for the presidency. In DETROIT.

Lit Abner. A lusty copy of Al Capp's comic-strip characters, with some lulling Dogmatist music. In TORONTO.

Romanoff and Juliet. Actor Peter Ustinov does a fine job with Playwright Ustinov's international farce. In CHICAGO.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated by Kimon Friar. Greece's late, famed man of letters picks up where Homer left off with this boldly soaring poem in which high adventure, brutality and erotic appetite are finally subordinated to a quest for self-knowledge and God.

The Visitors, by Mary McMinnies. Diplomatic diversions in a not-too-fictional Iron Curtain country—a kind of Absurdity Sweepstakes, in which Western folly and a ham-handed dictatorship run neck and neck.

The Prospects Are Pleading, by Honor Tracy. Home truths about Ireland and the eccentric posturings of the Irish, told with a sly smile by a writer who regards the old sod as nothing sacred.

Henry Adams: The Middle Years, by Ernest Samuels. Boston's testy Brahmin found life pleasant in those charmed years when his Eve—Marian ("Clover") Hooper—was in wisely charge of the education of Henry Adams.

Breakfast at Tiffany's, by Truman Capote. The fictional season's most endearing had little good girl, Holly Golightly, bewildered and a little afraid, in a lot of beds she never made.

Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery. Monty has discovered a new weapon—ink—and he splashes it on friend and foe alike.

Leyte, by Samuel Eliot Morison. One of history's decisive naval engagements masterfully re-created.

Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. The book without a country that honors all humanity, including Russia, though its rulers kept their country's greatest living poet from accepting the Nobel Prize.

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. A comedy of horrors whose aberrant love theme and brilliant writing make it a kind of fictional black valentine.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Doctor Zhivago**, Pasternak (1)*
2. **Lolita**, Nabokov (2)
3. **Around the World with Auntie Mame**, Dennis (3)
4. **The Ugly American**, Lederer and Burdick (6)
5. **From the Terrace**, O'Hara
6. **Women and Thomas Harrow**, Marquand (4)
7. **Exodus**, Uris (5)
8. **Victorine**, Keyes (9)
9. **Anatomy of Murder**, Traver (7)
10. **The Best of Everything**, Jaffe (10)

NONFICTION

1. **Only in America**, Golden (1)
2. **Aku-Aku**, Heyerdahl (2)
3. **Wedemeyer Reports!** (7)
4. **The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery** (3)
5. **Beloved Infidel**, Graham and Frank
6. **Chicago: A Pictorial History**, Kogan and Wendt (9)
7. **The Affluent Society**, Galbraith
8. **Brave New World Revisited**, Huxley
9. **'Twist Twelve and Twenty**, Boone
10. **The New Testament in Modern English**, translated by Phillips (5)

*Position on previous list.



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